The Outlook

SEPTEMBER 25, 1918

Offices, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York

HE AUSTRIAN PEACE NOTE

At 6:20 P.M. on Monday of last week the United States Government received the official communication from Austria proposing a peace conference. At 6:45 the same evening the President officially rejected the proposal in the following words:

> The Government of the United States feels that there is only one reply which it can make to the suggestion of the Imperial Austro-Hungarian Government. It has repeatedly and with entire candor stated the terms upon which the United States would consider peace, and can and will entertain no proposal for a conference upon a matter concerning which it has made its position and purpose so plain.

What the Austrian note proposed was a secret conference—to use the exact words of the text, "a confidential and binding discussion at a neutral meeting-place"—for the consideration of possible terms of a general peace. The Austrian note did not propose an armistice, but, on the contrary, asserted that "the war activities would experience no interruption." It made an appeal for such a conference on highly moral grounds. "Fountains of old misunderstandings might be removed and many new things perceived. Streams of pent-up human kindness would be released, in the warmth of which everything essential would remain, and, on the other hand, much that is antagonistic, to which excessive importance is still attributed, would disappear." No phrases in the note excited more contempt than those just quoted. To suggest that "streams of pent-up human kindness" could flow at a peace table from Germany, which has crucified and tortured Belgium, or from Austria, which has starved and laid in waste Serbia, was regarded everywhere as verging upon the hypocritical.

We say everywhere; but it must be regretfully recorded that there was in the United States one notable and disappointing exception. The New York "Times," one of the ablest daily newspapers in the English-speaking world, which up to the present has powerfully supported the contention that the war must be pressed by the Allies to a decisive and final military victory, editorially commended the Austrian note, saying that its arguments are "presented with extraordinary eloquence and force," and that the offer is one "which the Allies may honorably accept in the confident belief that it will lead to the end of the war," adding, "We cannot imagine that the invitation will be declined." This strange attitude of the New York "Times," which has been for four years a source of strength to the Allied cause, has raised a storm of protest, not only in New York, but throughout the country, that conclusively proves how sensitive public opinion is to the slightest suspicion of any effort to bring about a compromise with Prussia and her partners. Even the New York "American," whose course during the war has aroused hostility and denunciation among patriotic Americans, editorially condemned the note. The "American" pointed out, as The Outlook did two years ago in its comment upon the peace proposal of Germany in 1916, that when the Southern Confederacy, with the approval of the pacifist Horace Greeley, suggested a peace conference to President Lincoln, he replied that before peace negotiations could be entered upon three things were indispensable. They were:

> 1. The restoration of the National authority throughout all the States.
> 2. No receding by the Executive of the United States on the slavery question from the position assumed thereon in the late Annual Message to Congress and in preceding documents.
> 3. No cessation of hostilities short of an end of the war and the disbanding of all forces hostile to the Government.

It is one of the mysteries of modern journalism that in this great crisis of the war, when the American Army in France is making its spirit and power felt by the enemy, the New York "American" should be following the example of Lincoln, while the New York "Times" is acting in the spirit of Horace Greeley and Jefferson Davis.

President Wilson's strong and unmistakable reply to Austria is not only applauded by the entire country, but, before this reaches our readers, will be followed by similar notes of rejection from all the Allies. Public opinion in the Allied countries, as reported fully by cable, is united in opposing Austria's "peace offensive." This is in spite of the fact that there is a small group in Great Britain, represented by the London "Chronicle," the London "Daily News," and the Manchester "Guardian"—a group composed of ultra-sentimentalists who think Prussians are amenable to brotherly reasoning, and of financial interests that want the destruction of property to cease without much regard to principle—which has followed the lead of the New York "Times's" editorial. The President's quick and effective action ought to put a complete end to any fears that the Administration is in sympathy with either of these groups.

In December, 1916, in commenting upon Germany's peace note of that month, The Outlook stated the irreducible minimum which it believed the Allies should insist upon as a basis for any peace negotiations. They are as appropriate to the Austrian note as they were to the German, and we repeat them here:

> The immediate evacuation of all foreign soil by the German armies.
> A declared readiness to make some compensation for the irreparable injury inflicted upon Belgium and northern France.
> The expulsion of the Turk from Europe.
> The freedom of the Dardanelles for the commerce of the world.
> And a council of European Powers, perhaps of world Powers, to consider what measures should be taken for protecting the rights and well-being of the people of Alsace and Lorraine, Poland and Lithuania, and the Balkan States; and pre-eminently what measures can be taken to prevent future wars between civilized nations, and to lift off the burden of an intolerable militarism from the overburdened people.

We discuss elsewhere in this issue the principles and methods which must be followed in any genuine negotiations for a lasting peace.

AN INSULT TO BELGIUM

Simultaneously with the official proposal by Austria for a secret peace conference came an unofficial report from London of a so-called peace offer to Belgium from Germany. It is not likely that Belgium will for a second think of following the example of Russia and engaging in what would be a second Brest-Litovsk Treaty. Nor is it likely that Belgium will even consider a proposal to abandon her allies or to forget the infamous outrages and injuries she has endured. The mere offer to patch up an amicable agreement, coming from Germany to Belgium, is a deep and intolerable insult.

It is more than likely that Germany's proposal is made with the expectation of a rebuff. Germany may believe that if the Allies reject the suggestion from Austria, and if Belgium scorns the proposal made to her, then whatever pacifist sentiment exists among the Allies might incline to regard Germany as an honest seeker for peace. Such a sentiment might weaken or slacken the Allies in their determination to attain a decisive victory. If Germany really seeks peace with Belgium, which we doubt, it would indicate a growing realization on her part of military weakness. Conceivably, now that the military strength

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of the Allies is waxing while her own is waning, she may think it worth while to shorten her war line even though she lose submarine bases and other valuable war assets. If Germany's campaign next year is to be strictly defensive, the elimination of Belgium would allow her to mass her defense on a much less extended line. In this way of looking at it, the Belgian proposal may be a sign of constantly lessening hope for victory on Germany's part.

The proposals included in the offer of peace to Belgium are summarized as follows:

That Belgium shall remain neutral until the end of the war.

That thereafter the entire economic and political independence of Belgium shall be reconstituted.

That the pre-war commercial treaties between Germany and Belgium shall again be put into operation after the war for an indefinite period.

That Belgium shall use her good offices to secure the return of the German colonies.

That the Flemish question shall be considered, and the Flemish minority which aided the German invaders shall not be penalized.

Nothing could be more characteristic of Germany's brutal diplomacy than the proposal that, after Belgium should have abandoned her allies and rescuers, she should consent to act as a catspaw to save Germany's colonies.

But the most notable thing about these peace conditions is not so much what is there as what is not there. Not a word is said about the repayment of the enormous sums of money taken out of Belgium by Germany, nor of the destruction of Belgian property, nor of the suffering and devastation that the innocent people of Belgium have endured. As to the last, there are some things that can never be paid for, and in time even Germany will learn this.

Mr. Lloyd George's phrase of two years ago still remains the keynote as regards any possible peace negotiations with Germany: "Complete restitution, full reparation, effectual guarantees." It applies to Belgium even more positively than to any other country.

GERMANY'S BRUTALITY IN AFRICA

In all Germany's talk about the possibilities of peace, as, for instance, in that by its Vice-Chancellor, Herr von Payer, the other day, one of the definite preliminary conditions laid down is that the German colonies in Africa should be returned. If any proof were needed of the injury to civilization of such a concession, it may be found in a report describing the administration of German colonies of Africa just made public by the Acting Secretary of the Interior of the Union of South Africa, Mr. E. H. L. Gorges. Evidence is adduced from official German sources, from the writings of authors acquainted with the facts, and from sworn statements by native chiefs and Europeans. The report is summarized as follows by an English writer: "The first twenty-five years of German rule in southwest Africa was an unbroken record of official bad faith, private oppression, cruelty, barbarities, and robberies, culminating in the Herero and Hottentot rebellions. During the first seventeen years there was no law for the natives. Such protection as the law eventually provided indicated considerations of humanity, but the order to exploit the natives as laborers remained.

When the ill-treatment of the natives led them into insurrection, the "discipline" of the Germans took the form of out-and-out massacres. The Hereros were reduced from eighty thousand to fifteen thousand in number. In one case a German Governor issued what is rightly described as an extermination order, which in so many words said that no prisoners should be taken, and that men, women, and children should be slaughtered without mercy.

After brutal force had restored order the German rule was cruel; the rights, interests, and development of the natives were ignored. Naturally the natives are now unanimous in feeling that they never should be turned back to the tender mercy of the Germans.

In every instance where Germany has dominated a non-German people or had dealings with a weak and small nation she has acted solely on her basic idea that might makes right. Not only these African colonies, but the smaller countries the world over, have nothing to look forward to but repression and oppression if Germany should succeed in carrying out her world-domination plan.

LENINE AND TROTSKY PAID GERMAN AGENTS

Extraordinary revelations as to the relations between the German Government and the leaders of the Russian Bolsheviki show that, even before Lenine and Trotsky supinely yielded at Brest-Litovsk Russian territory and Russian independence to German domination, they had been involved in treachery of the basest kind to their country and to their own associates. A long series of documents, carefully annotated and interpreted by Mr. Edgar Sisson, has been made public by the Committee on Public Information. Mr. Sisson represented that Committee in Russia last winter, and there gathered the material for this exposure of the baseness and subservience of Trotsky and Lenine. Just how it was obtained is not stated.

Many of the letters thus published relate to the anxiety of the German Government to get back into their own hands and out of the Russian archives the evidence of their secret machinations. For instance, one letter tells of a deposit of fifty million rubles of gold transmitted from Germany through Stockholm to the People's Commissars—that is, the Bolshevik leaders. This money, it is boldly stated in the letter, was to be spent in paying the Red Guard and in carrying on anti-Bolshevik propaganda in Russia and Siberia, which was "troubling the German Government." This was months before the treaty of peace between Russia and Germany was signed. About the same time five million rubles was paid for the express purpose of sending a Bolshevik emissary to seize the "Japanese and American war materials in Siberia"—a significant commentary on the need of the despatch of American and Japanese troops to Vladivostok, which happily came about in time. Another German document in the plainest of words refers to "the opening of accounts for Messrs. Lenine, Sumenson, Koslovsky, Trotsky, and other active workers on the peace propaganda by order No. 2754 of the Imperial Bank."

The German Government also had the insolence to ask the Bolshevik leaders to tell Germany just what supplies had been received from her allies, where they were and what forces guarded them. Proof positive is reported also that the Germans were urging that social agitators be sent to the prison camps in Germany to engage in peace propaganda among the English and French troops, while, on the other hand, a German official writes to Lenine, curtly and as if from a master to a slave, calling him to account for not keeping his promise to prevent any Socialist propaganda in Germany. The unparalleled duplicity of Lenine is seen in the fact that at the same time he was trying to make the Russian proletariat believe that there would be a German revolution growing out of Socialist Russian propaganda. Lenine accepted the rebuke meekly with an offer to discuss the matter and with no denial that he had made a personal promise as stated. The commercial and industrial future relations of Germany and Russia were discussed in this correspondence in the most brazen way, with proposals, unrebuked by Lenine and Trotsky, to make Germany supreme in Russian finance and industry, and to bar out for five years after peace might be signed trade between Russia, on the one hand, and France, England, and America, on the other, in vitally important products. Russia itself under these plans would become a mere German province.

Perhaps the most singular among these condemnatory papers are two documents issued in Germany in 1914. These papers were evidently procured in Germany by some Russian agent, were sent to Petrograd, and were preserved in the archives there. The German Government knew of their existence and demanded their return to prevent exposure. Copies or photographs are included. One of them is an order from the German General Staff dated June 9, 1914, directing all industrial concerns in Germany to open the sealed envelopes containing their "industrial mobilization plans and registered forms," so that, as Mr. Sisson comments, they might be prepared for a war the excuse for which had not yet been invented. The second is also an order from the German General

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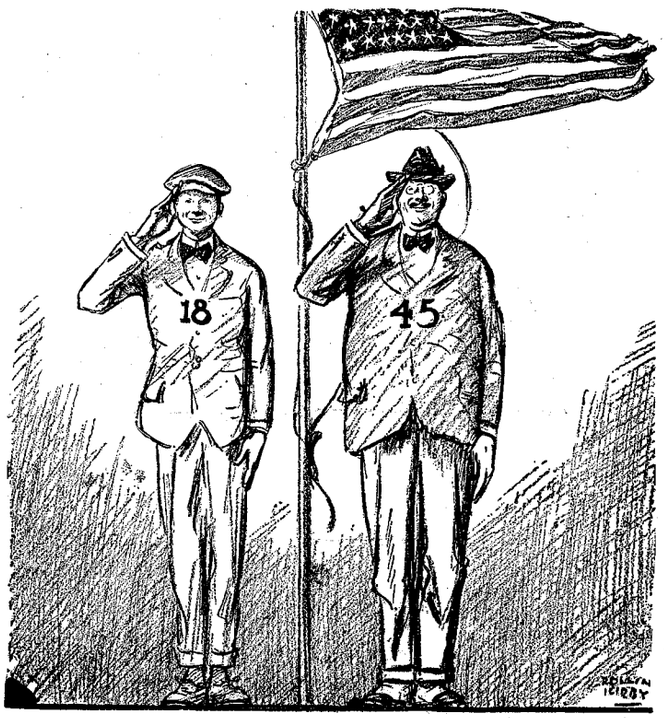
CARTOONS OF THE WEEK

Kirby in the New York World



REPORTING FOR DUTY

REGISTRATION—EIGHTEEN TO FORTY-FIVE

Greene in the New York Evening Telegram

GOING FAST

AN INGLORIOUS CAREER NEARING ITS END

From Der Brummer (Berlin)

PATIENCE

Don't hurry, gentlemen. Every one will have his turn.

A HOPEFUL GERMAN PREDICTION THAT HASN'T COME TRUE

Braakensiek in De Amsterdammer (Amsterdam, Holland)

Foch: "Drop that sack!"

THE GERMAN BRIGAND MUST GIVE UP HIS LOOT

Bolshevik Bear-leader: "The animal begins to rise against me. I can't hold him. And I did want to do him a lot of good."

THE APPROACHING END OF BOLSHEVISM

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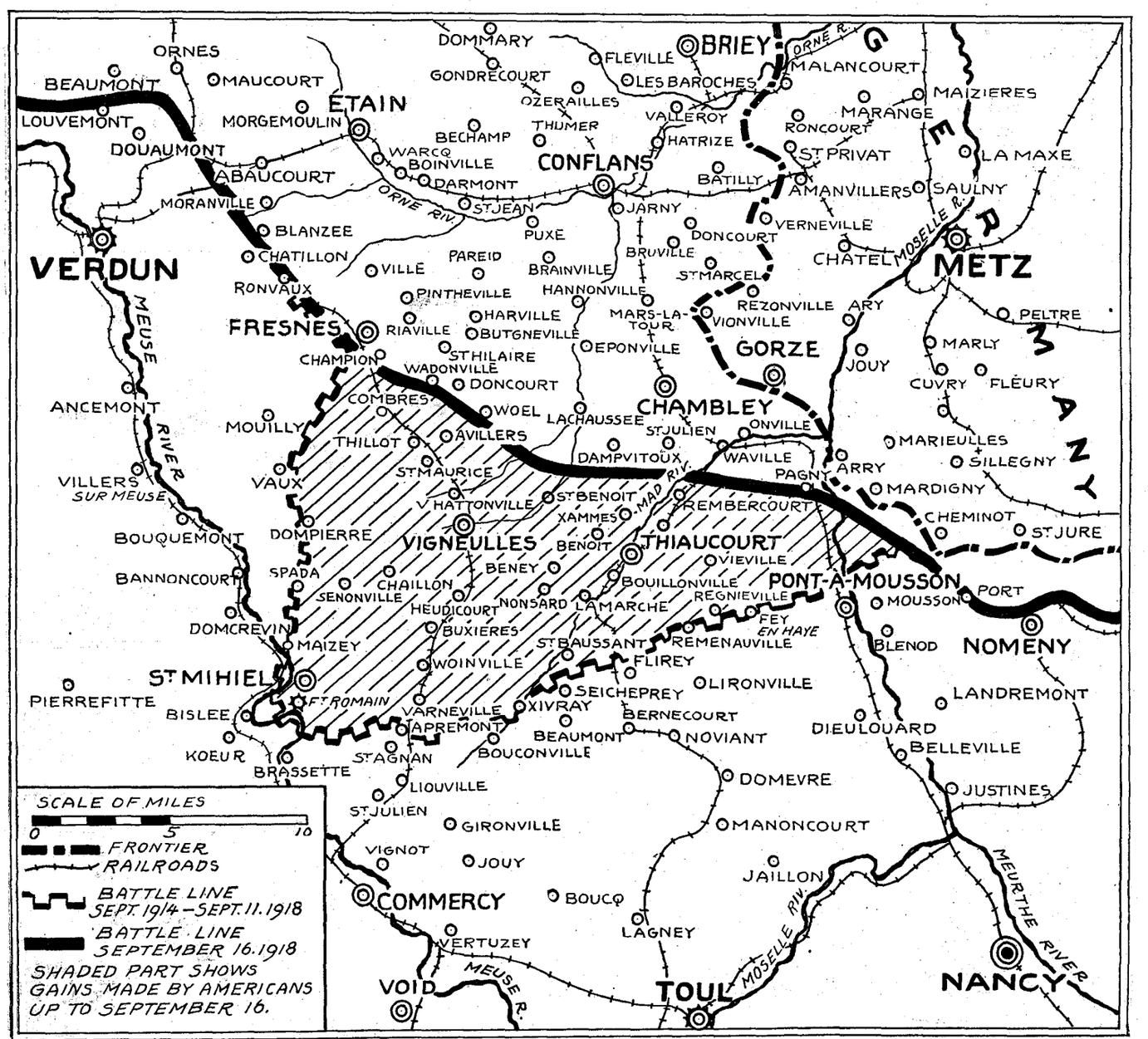
Staff, and was issued in November, 1914. Its object was to prevent the sailing of ships carrying munitions from American ports to Russia, France, and England. It proposes "delays, embroilments, and difficulties," to be made by "all destructive agents and observers" in the United States and Canada. Anarchists and escaped criminals are suggested as useful agents. This is a plain confession of Germany's criminal activities in this country while the United States was still a neutral nation.

The points above summarized are merely typical and illustrative of the many underhanded and despicable ways in which Lenine and Trotsky acted as German agents, and paid agents at that. Over and over again they betrayed Russia, their former allies, and the very proletariat they professed to represent. They are now holding onto a precarious semblance of authority by wholesale executions. Meanwhile on almost every side of their limited territory the real Russian people, aided by the Allies, are drawing a circle of resistance.

THE AMERICAN VICTORY

The more the Germans try to explain away the importance of General Pershing's great success, the more does its value become apparent. It may be, as the Germans say, that they have always expected to abandon the St. Mihiel salient if it were attacked in force, but certainly they did not intend to abandon with it from fifteen to twenty thousand of their soldiers and guns by the score. Their retreat was not a rout; but that they were pushed back much harder and quicker than they had imagined possible is proved conclusively by the result.

If the St. Mihiel salient is of no value to the Germans ("The grapes are sour," said the fox), it surely is of value to the Allies. By a sweeping movement, the salient, as some one has said, was turned inside out in less than two days. Not only were some two hundred and fifty square miles of territory occupied, but much-needed means and routes of communication were acquired behind the fighting lines. Far more important is the fact that a part of the Allies' line which in the past has so often been called "a quiet sector" now becomes to Germany a threatening sector. The possibilities here for attack and advance are full of hope and advantage. Hereafter Germany will always face at this point the danger of a thrust on a large scale. One more opening is available when Marshal Foch weighs up the relative advantages of attack and surprise. Before the new line, and at not such a very great distance, lies Conflans, a railway and strategic point of the first importance. Beyond lies the vast iron field of Briey, the possession of which has been of



THE ST. MIHIEL SALIENT, WON BY THE AMERICAN ARMY

General Pershing's First Army, aided by French forces, attacked this salient from the south and west on September 12, and in two days were in complete possession, with many thousand prisoners. They were still advancing when this map was drawn

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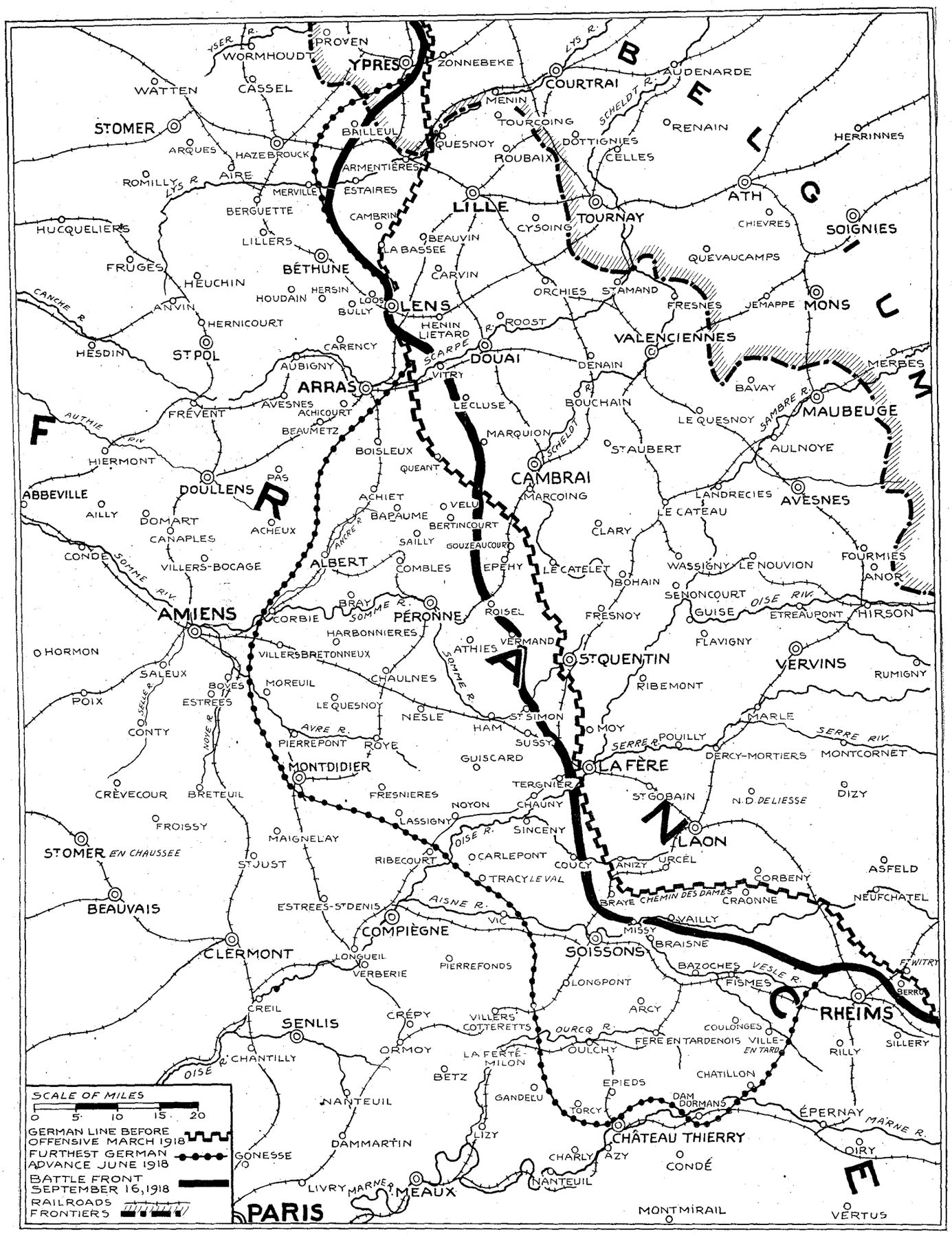

THE NEW WESTERN FRONT FROM YPRES TO RHEIMS

There have been three main battle fronts in the Western campaign this year—that of March, that of June, that of September. The reader will note how the great gains of Germany have now shrunk to three narrow strips, while from Lens south the Allies have driven well over the line held by Germany before her offensives began, and elsewhere the old line and the new touch each other in several places. The three lines indicate graphically the ebb and flow of a stupendous struggle, with the Allies to-day pressing the enemy hard at vital points

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inestimable aid to Germany. It may be over-optimistic to predict an immediate attack on the stronghold of Metz; but if the left wing of Pershing's army advances in Lorraine, there is danger to the Germans that Metz may be outflanked. Already it is reported that the heavy guns of Metz and of the Allies are exchanging fire.

An English military writer compares the rapidity of the American and French advance in two days with the "slow, dearly bought victories of 1915," when the Allies were fighting in this vicinity for the possession of Combres, and declares that there is no part of France which has greater military value than the block of territory included in imaginary lines drawn between Metz, St. Mihiel, Verdun, Sedan, and Longwy.

The American First Army has thus carried out its first extensive operation as a major unit under American chief command with the precision of clockwork and with complete success. French forces aided in the movement, but the weight of the blows which crushed the sides of the salient was American. Our losses were comparatively small; the enemy's losses, particularly as regards prisoners, were serious.

Meanwhile on the main front from above Arras to below Soissons Marshal Foch and General Haig have made gains at several points and have kept the Germans guessing where the next heavy attack may develop. To the layman the probability seems to favor the choice by Foch of one or both of the extremities of the line rather than the center—that is, in the direction either of Cambrai, in the north, or of La Fère and Laon, in the south; certainly the Germans have been kept worried and busy in these sections, which have often been compared to the hinges of the line. A study of the larger of the two maps printed herewith will show that the British have made gains in the north beyond the lines held by Germany last March. This is what General Haig had in mind when he said: "Already we have pressed beyond our old battle lines of 1917 and have made a wide breach in the enemy's strongest defenses." The largest Allied advance beyond the old German lines, however, is that made by the American drive in the St. Mihiel sector. These advances beyond the old German lines overbalance in extent of territory the narrow strips which are all that Germany retains of her great offensives of this spring and early summer, while in strategic value there is an immense difference in our favor.

There is every evidence that the Allies, under Marshal Foch's brilliant strategy, will hereafter force the fighting at the points they choose. Germany is on the defensive; the initiative is with us. All the stronger, therefore, is the need for the Allies, and especially for America, to push their effort for next year with every possible man and every shell available. The way to make the war short is to fight quick and hard with every atom of force brought to bear and without a minute's relaxation of will and effort.

THIRTEEN MILLION MEN ENROLLED

The registration on September 12 of all men from eighteen to forty-five inclusive not already registered was carried out with a smoothness and machine-like rapidity which was really a marvel of efficiency. That it was so was due in part to the voluntary efforts of many thousand citizens who aided in the work and to the experience of the now practiced local registry boards. The machinery used in political elections was employed to advantage.

The result of the registration corresponded very closely with the predictions of the statisticians. It is not known, as we write, exactly what the total of the registry will be, but there seems to be no question that it will exceed thirteen million, and the latest estimate we have seen indicates that it may not fall very far below fourteen million. Thus Provost Marshal-General Crowder was able to cable as a birthday greeting to General Pershing, on September 13, that "the Nation responded yesterday with an enrollment which promises to exceed all estimates, thus insuring the uninterrupted flow of man power to the Army under your command."

The next step will be the issuing of questionnaires to the registrants between the ages of nineteen and twenty and those from thirty-two to thirty-six. Thereafter will follow the classification and the determining of deferred classes as has been done before. It has been made clear that the recent list of non-priority industries issued by the War Industries Board does not determine completely the preference list which serves as a basis of industrial exemption from the draft. The two lists are not for the same purpose. The district draft boards are perfectly at liberty to include among those industries the workers in which are entitled to deferred classification any industries which seem to them properly to belong in this class without reference to the specific list of non-priority industries put forth by the War Industries Board. In each case it rests with the district draft boards to determine whether the industry is or is not non-productive, and also whether the individual man is or is not absolutely essential to the industry.

The new registration will provide a constant stream of soldiers by the hundred thousand to join their fellow-fighters abroad in making the name and flag of America honored, and their country a major determining factor in overpowering German ruthless ambition.

LABOR STRIKES, LOCKOUTS, AND THE WAR

While Congress did not pass the proposed "work or fight" amendment to the Draft Bill, it is clear that the President under the war powers vested in him is determined to enforce its principle in dealing with strikers or employers in essential industries. He has made his position clear in connection with the strike of munition workers at Bridgeport, Connecticut. About five thousand workmen were involved, most of them belonging to the Bridgeport District Lodge of the International Association of Machinists.

Under a general understanding, approved by the American Federation of Labor and by most of the employing manufacturers of the country, the National War Labor Board at Washington is now acting as arbitrator in all labor disputes involving war industries. In the Bridgeport strike the machinists refused to abide by the findings of the War Labor Board, and about the same time the officers of the Smith & Wesson Company, at Springfield, Massachusetts, similarly refused to abide by a decision of the War Labor Board. There was also a strike threatened at the works of the Bethlehem Steel Company, and a certain uneasiness among the anthracite miners in Pennsylvania alarmed the country, already anxious about its supply of coal.

All of these difficulties the President has settled by a course of action which he announces in an effective and admirable letter addressed to the Bridgeport strikers. In the course of that letter he says:

> Your strike against it [the award of the National War Labor Board] is a breach of faith calculated to reflect on the sincerity of National organized labor in proclaiming its acceptance of the principles and machinery of the National War Labor Board.
>
> If such disregard of the solemn adjudication of a tribunal to which both parties submitted their claims be temporized with, agreements become mere scraps of paper. If errors creep into awards, the proper remedy is submission to the award with an application for rehearing to the tribunal. But to strike against the award is disloyalty and dishonor.
>
> The Smith & Wesson Company, of Springfield, Massachusetts, engaged in Government work, has refused to accept the mediation of the National War Labor Board . . . approved by Presidential proclamation. With my consent the War Department has taken over the plant and business of the Company, to secure continuity in production and to prevent industrial disturbance.
>
> It is of the highest importance to secure compliance with reasonable rules and procedure for the settlement of industrial disputes. Having exercised a drastic remedy with recalcitrant employers, it is my duty to use means equally well adapted to the end with lawless and faithless employees.
>
> Therefore, I desire that you return to work and abide by the award. If you refuse, each one of you will be barred from employment in any war industry in the community in which the strike occurs for a period of one year. During that time the United States Employment Service will decline to obtain employment for you in any war industry elsewhere in the United States, as well as under the War and Navy Departments, the Shipping Board, the Railway Administration, and all Government agencies, and the draft boards will be instructed to reject

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any claim of exemption based on your alleged usefulness on war production.

This letter at once settled the Bridgeport strike, and the machinists are returning to work; the Bethlehem Steel Company has announced its acceptance of the War Labor Board's award; and it is believed that the declaration by the President of the policy he will pursue in such controversies at least minimizes and probably removes the danger of a strike in the anthracite region.

As the war continues, the "work or fight" principle enunciated by President Wilson will have, we think, wider and wider application. The fact is that every citizen of the United States, man or woman, who is not a physical or mental defective, must in principle be conscripted to serve the country. We must all get into that frame of mind in which each one is willing to do what the country directs for the good of all. To take our own field of work as an illustration, the military censorship is a form of conscription. In certain important matters The Outlook is told to-day by the Government what it may say and what it may not say. It acquiesces cheerfully in this application of the "work or fight" principle, provided only that the Government authority is exercised for the good of all and not for partisan or factional purposes.

A UNITED EFFORT FOR WAR RELIEF

The appointment of Mr. John R. Mott as director-general of the proposed united war work campaign which is to be made in November is a guarantee of the wisdom and broad purpose of the plan. As the head of the war work of the Young Men's Christian Association, Mr. Mott has been one of the most inspiring figures of the war, and his efficiency and warm, human sympathy have been accompanied with the widest willingness to co-operate with all other helpful agencies.

The seven bodies which will unite in the effort to raise the enormous sum of $170,000,000—and that they will succeed no one for a moment doubts—are the Young Men's Christian Association, the Young Women's Christian Association, the National Catholic War Council (including the activities of the Knights of Columbus), the War Camp Community Service, the Jewish Welfare Board, the American Library Association, and the Salvation Army.

It is absolutely true that this is not a philanthropic campaign, much less a sectarian campaign, but a war campaign. In Mr. Mott's words, "These seven great organizations represent everything that is best in the life of the American soldier. They represent the church and the club and the theater and the library and the athletic field. Together they follow the boys onto the troop trains, through the cantonments, onto the transports, and at every step of the way, even to the front-line trenches."

GREENVILLE ANSWERS

What of the hinterlands? New York, Chicago, St. Louis, and the larger cities are splendidly patriotic and able to demonstrate their feelings in parades and events of magnitude. The hundreds of smaller cities, the thousands of villages, for the most part, do their knitting unheard of and unsung.

Greenville, South Carolina, however, recently found a way to express its devotion to the Allied cause in a manner both unique and significant. Greenville is a bustling little city planted in the foothills of the Blue Ridge, three hundred miles from the sea. Its mills are engaged in the manufacture of cotton goods. One of them supplies material for gas masks. But Greenville's closest relation to the war is its proximity to Camp Sevier, only three miles away. With industry and the camp as its chief interests, the city realized itself peculiarly well fitted to dramatize the fact that the war is being fought, not by the Army, not by labor, but by the whole great Nation, one and indivisible.

Accordingly, on Labor Day, 1918, Greenville and Camp Sevier joined in a celebration which included the Army, labor, fraternal orders, society, all elements of civic activity. A picture of a poster designed for the occasion appears on page 137.

The procession included Confederate Veterans, soldiers of to-day, the Red Cross, Patriotic League Girls, and many civic associations. It moved past the Secession Monument, now decked with the Stars and Stripes, under the heavy foliaged oaks of North Main Street, to the City Park.

Here, at the band-stand, from which hung the banner of the War Camp Community Service, the official organization under the Government for connecting the town and the camp, the formal programme began. The Mayor, on behalf of the city, presided. Colonel Louis J. Van Schaick, Commander of the 90th Infantry Regiment, brought the message from the camp. President John E. White, of Anderson College, son of a Confederate soldier and father of a boy "over there," fused the spirit of the occasion by speaking on "Our Common Purpose."

Judged from the standpoint of mass, compared with the mammoth affairs of our major cities, Greenville's celebration would be unimportant, ephemeral. But its conception, its bearing on the National purpose, are noteworthy. Its unique nature in combining all the elements of the city and the camp gives the event significance; but its especial value may be seen in the fact that this special demonstration of National unity was staged in the hill country of South Carolina, the first State to secede in '61.

"WHY NOT COMPROMISE WITH GERMANY?"

WE give on another page some details of the communication of the Austro-Hungarian Government to the Allied Powers proposing a "confidential and unbinding" conference as a preliminary to peace negotiations, and also the separate proposal of Germany to Belgium, secretly made and unofficially reported.

Overwhelming public opinion in this country and among our allies, without distinction of party, supports President Wilson's prompt rejection of Austria-Hungary's offer. There are good grounds for believing that this peace move is not sincere; that it is a blind to stimulate pacifism in the Allied countries. It proposes a secret conference of agents who will have no power to bind their Governments; and this country absolutely agrees with the President's statement that there can be none but "open covenants of peace, openly arrived at." It makes no suggestion of any preliminary action such as America has from the outset insisted must precede any peace negotiations—action admirably defined by Mr. James M. Beck, former United States Attorney-General: "No peace parleys, formal or informal, preliminary or final, can be wisely entered into by the United States and its allies at this time unless and until the Central Powers give some evidence of their good faith by vacating Belgium, northern France, and Russia. This should be the irreducible minimum." It makes no offer and no suggestion of any offer for indemnity or reparation for the crimes committed against Armenia, Serbia, northern France, and Belgium, and there should be no thought of peace without a promise of such reparation. It impliedly, if not in explicit terms, repudiates the conditions expressed by President Wilson in his address to Congress on February 11 that "every territorial settlement involved in this war must be made in the interest and for the benefit of the population concerned, and not as a part of any mere adjustment or compromise of claims among rival states." No result from such a "confidential and unbinding" conference is probable, none hardly possible, except an unsatisfactory peace or a prolongation of the present war. It is true that no armistice is suggested, yet it is certain that any such peace negotiations would make more difficult the vigorous prosecution of the war at the very time when the success attending the arms of the Allies gives promise of victory for their cause and permanent justice and peace based on that victory.

But besides these reasons, voiced both by statesmen and by various leading American newspapers, there is the still more fundamental reason that there are some issues which ought not to be, and cannot be, settled by compromise; some enemies with whom there ought to be no negotiations.

When Oliver Twist was captured in the streets of London by members of Fagin's gang, the question whether he should be rescued or left in their keeping was not a question which could be settled by compromise. It was not a case for negotiated peace. What would be thought of the police of London if in

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such a case they should agree to exact no punishment from Fagin and Bill Sykes if Fagin and Sykes would give Oliver up? Belgium is Oliver Twist multiplied a thousand fold. Germany is Fagin and Bill Sykes multiplied a thousand fold. The German Government has officially declared that it is holding Oliver Twist as a pawn to be used in peace negotiations. And ignorance in some and cowardice in others propose to agree that no penalties shall be imposed and no indemnities exacted if Fagin and Bill Sykes will give Oliver Twist up.

The Kaiser, in an address delivered lately at the Krupp munition works, perhaps in preparation for the anticipated communication of Austria-Hungary, appealed to sentimentalists in other countries under guise of appealing to patriotism and justice in his own country. We quote from this address a single paragraph:

> Germany's enemies began the war because they were envious of Germany's prosperity. Their envy became hatred when their calculations failed. Germans do not know hatred—only honest wrath which deals the enemy a blow, and then when he is prostrate and bleeding we extend him our hand and look to his recovery. Germany is only fighting for existence, and must fight the battle through.

This statement of the Kaiser is paralleled by a paragraph in the communication of Austria-Hungary: "The Central Powers leave it in no doubt that they are only waging a war of defense for the integrity and the security of their territories." These statements of the Kaiser and of Austria-Hungary assume a colossal ignorance in their own people as to the origin and the progress of the world war. That assumption of their ignorance may be justified; but the people of the civilized nations who have formed a league of mutual self-protection against the German brigands are not ignorant. Two weeks ago Dr. Joseph H. Odell, The Outlook's special correspondent in France, described in its pages the treatment given by the retreating Germans to a defenseless city in their possession. We recall to our readers a few sentences from his graphic letter:

> I went into Château Thierry on the heels of the American advance and saw things with my own eyes. Every vandalistic, Hunnish, fiendish, filthy thing that men could do these Huns did in Château Thierry just before they left. The streets were littered with the private possessions of the citizens thrown through the windows; every bureau and chiffonier drawer was rifled and its contents destroyed; in the better-class houses the paintings were ripped and the china and porcelain smashed; furniture was broken or hacked; mirrors were shivered into a thousand fragments; mattresses and upholstery were slashed; richly bound books were ripped; in fact, there was hardly a thing in the city left intact. The houses of the poor, in which the German privates had been billeted, were just as badly pillaged and devastated as the homes of the well-to-do. The church, grand enough for a cathedral, had not been spared. Its paintings and altars and crucifixes and stations of the cross had been ruthlessly battered and defiled. Yet even this does not tell the story—a story which cannot be told to people who respect decency—for the Germans left tokens of physical and mental obscenity in every house I visited, and I entered scores.

This is not hearsay; it is not the account of an unknown correspondent; it is the report of an American clergyman of good standing in his Church, whose account in our columns of the military camps in America was so accurate that the War Department indorsed that account and published it in leaflet form. How can we negotiate with such a people? How can we conciliate or negotiate with or compromise with a power which cries "Peace! Peace!" and at the same time goes on in its mad career of brutality and bestiality? The Chief cries to the officers of justice, "Let us have peace," while the gang continues to burn, ravage, destroy, and murder. It is reported that German soldiers are furnished with pistols so small that they can be concealed in the closed fist. The soldier throws up his hands and cries "*Kamerad!*" When his captor attempts to accept the proffered surrender, the soldier shoots from his concealed pistol. This is what Germany is doing on a big scale. The Chiefs in Berlin and Vienna cry "*Kamerad!*" while their comrades in arms shoot; and pro-Germans and pacifists hear the *Kamerad* and close their eyes and ears to the shooting.

The Benedictus used every Sabbath in the services of the Episcopal Church promises that the Christ shall "guide our feet into the way of peace." The very promise implies that the way of peace is not always clear. Christ gives to his disciples peace; but he adds, "not as the world giveth, give I unto you." What is the difference between the peace which the world gives and the peace which Christ gives?

The world sometimes offers peace to the coward who flees from the field of battle or seeks it through conciliation and compromise with wickedness. Christ, never! No more uncompromising, no more vehement repudiator of all attempts to escape conflict with evil than Jesus Christ does the history of the human race afford. We remember Christ's saying to the penitent brigand, "This day shalt thou be with me in paradise;" we forget that to the unpenitent brigand he offered no word of comfort or consolation. We remember his humility in washing his disciples' feet; we forget his saying to Peter, "If I wash thee not, thou hast no part with me." We remember his welcome to those who came to him in penitence and with a pledge to a new life—Matthew, Zaccheus, the publicans and harlots; we forget his rejection of the self-confident disciple, the procrastinating disciple, the irresolute disciple. Thousands of sermons have been preached on the father's welcome of the return of the prodigal; not many on the fact that the father did not receive his son until the son had learned his lesson and came back with "I am no more worthy to be called thy son." Thousands of sermons have been preached on Christ's saying to Peter, "Thou art Peter, and on this rock I will build my church;" very few on the saying that followed when Peter desired to persuade his Master from the cross, "Get thee behind me, Satan."

There can be no permanent peace, no just peace, no Christian peace, until the Germans abandon the territory which they have occupied, lay down their arms, promise to do what they can to repair the wrongs they have committed, and sue for peace. To negotiate terms of peace with the criminals while they are still continuing their crimes would be to make ourselves their accomplices. The only peace that is possible is one which the civilized world dictates upon terms to which the criminals submit.

THE ADVENTURE OF ACQUIESCENCE

A man who was bold enough to create a career out of his limitations once laid down the precept for others similarly handicapped, "The conquest of fate comes not by rebellious struggle, but by acquiescence." The text on which Trudeau built a life of heroism has in these days of universal bafflement a message far wider than his application of it merely to the problems of the consumptive. Submission to incomprehensible handicap has to-day become for all of us the sole rule for sanity, the sole condition for effort. We no longer see or know or choose; instead we have become expectantly acquiescent, and in this change from self-sufficiency to self-doubt we are experiencing a curious exhilaration of adventure. We stagger, yet we never felt so strong; we are blinded, yet never saw so clearly. In utter battle we for the first time know utter peace. Yet has not such peace, the peace of a gage accepted to the uttermost, always been possible to us if we had not thought adventure lay along a different road?

Our prejudice against acquiescence was due to our conceiving the spirit of submission as the opposite rather than the essence of adventure. Now, acquiescence is not resignation, which is paralyzing; nor is it revolt, which is exhausting. Acquiescence is following the path forced on you in the faith that it holds more zest than any direction you might choose for yourself. It is as if we were youngsters going for a lark to some forest familiar to a woodsman father, who, knowing both his boys and the wood ways, and himself perhaps royally adventurous at heart, might, before withdrawing to the ultimate rendezvous, have indicated for each one's separate following a trail promising more fun by the way and a better picnic place at the end than any to be discovered by the lads for themselves. It would of course be merely a question of character whether the boys would more enjoy indulging their own initiative without guidance than perceiving more and more clearly the com-

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radely discernment of their desires evinced by their father's choice, and proving to him both their kinship with him in dauntlessness and their confidence in the patterns they surmise his hand to have set along their path.

To each man his own forest trail. Strange that even with all the woods of the world to draw upon so many separate ways could have been planned for the gallant loneliness of single-handed combat! To each man his own high hazards foreordained. Yet one may indicate a quest still teeming with possibilities, a roadway so familiar that we might easily miss its mysterious allurement. An ancient creed had uncanny prevision of that day when men, by overdiscovery of earth's physical secrets, should be confined to moral adventure—to be a Christian still remains the most audacious emprise any man can make, a path so fearlessly visionary that it is practically unattempted. There is a fallacy in the popular conception of faith, of which the acquiescent man should clear his brain if he is to enjoy to the full the inner import of his philosophy. This fallacy is that there is more daring inherent in doubt than in belief. Every one who has investigated for even a short distance the road of submission knows that religion, so far from being the solace of the weak, is the supreme daring—dizzy, transcendent—of the strong. Faith is the frank endeavor to get the finest joy of existence from the hypothesis that the netted labyrinth of human lives thridding earth's forest is the work of a high Designer who, of all our endowments, sympathizes most with our love of independent adventure as being closest akin to his own divine impulse to experiment, his own inexhaustible energy toward perfection.

And the end of all the paths, the appointed meeting-place, is it death, or is death only a light-swung gate upon a road of still more glamourous exploits? A lifetime practice of acquiescence forms a habit of expectation that makes one as eager for the next world as for this one. From Ulysses down through the ages have not the old always been the most gallant of all adventurers? Gladly divesting themselves of the last remaining burden of human vanity, they stand ever in our sight, fearless to make trial of the supreme mystery.

Thus might a man once have walked his way through life to death, ever ardently submissive and secure; thus, strong in his philosophy of acquiescence, might he have won through all fates and fights familiar to our fathers. But what of to-day? The woods of the world are suddenly black as no man has ever known them. We were swinging gallantly through the forest, serenely confident of progress—and now? The sun struck from the sky! Traveler songs cut short by blood-wet hands upon our throats! Branches that crash, earth that heaves, lewd fires that crackle! Foul men that flout to our faces our faith in a Father who awaits our arrival! Each one of us grappling singly with despair, and yet knowing that all about him others struggle; we hear the straining of their muscles, the sobbing breath of their fall, their voices that shriek through the blackness: "We perish! O God of battles, vouchsafe to us the meaning!"

Well for that man in this hour who, having through faith made a high adventure out of life when existence was still normal enough to be comprehended by human philosophy, holds in his hand the tested weapon of his confidence in the unknown, wherewith to-day he can meet the utterly unprecedented. Shall the adventurer of acquiescence—hands disciplined to delight in unforeseen combat, heart trained to welcome all foreordained opportunity for his testing—be first to guess that this battle is perhaps the supreme adventure set humanity by its Progenitor? Himself divinely audacious in character, has that Progenitor through finest sympathy with our soul quests selected our generation as the first of his sons to reach a stature great enough to conquer the enemy of to-day? Does he, in paternal pride, risk all civilization on the issue of our prowess? Has he perhaps summoned his servitors to see how nobly we, his sons, can fight? Perhaps he himself stands even now secret in the forest, restraining his impetuous squire Michael, his hardy henchman Gabriel, lest they presume to help men who are his sons? Every previous adventure of our life, when intrepidly accepted, has served to prove, through its fitness to our desires, his sympathy with our valor. Beyond this veil of agony what beatitude of comradeship in an appointed place of peace does he perceive that he is able to stand quiet watching us? Seeing our anguish, must he not feel his hand in love tremble toward his quiverful of thunderbolts, longing to hurl them all to our support? But would not one single arrow of assistance argue his distrust of our divine inheritance of bravery from himself? Has humanity ever had so supreme an opportunity to show that we believe the God of courage is our Father? Never before has the race of men had such a chance to prove our faith in God, for never before has he shown such faith in us.

THE EREMITE WALKS TO CHURCH

Being a patriotic citizen, the Happy Eremite left Elizabeth, the Tin Horse, in her stall and walked the three miles that stretched between his house and the place of his customary sabbatical devotions. He did not want to walk three miles. In the first place, being forty-odd and inclining to the rotund, walking any distance at all was an unsatisfactory business; in the second place, walking three miles to church meant walking three miles home from church, which made six miles; and he had not walked six miles since the days when he had courted Mary Floyd in competition with an indefatigable monster who based his appeal to Mary principally on the fact that he was a gorgeous animal. Ever since that Awful Year the Happy Eremite had disliked pedestrianism.

But the Happy Eremite was a vestryman, and vestrymen, if they are wise, attend morning services. He took a last longing glance at Elizabeth, the Tin Horse. For an instant he was tempted.

"Pro-German!" he muttered, addressing the Devil. He closed the garage door quickly, and resolutely started off.

The morning was clear and crisp, as mornings in September should be, and the countryside, to his surprise, was really very pretty. He wondered why he had never discovered before how pretty it was. Farms nestled in it, browned in trees, the way they did in books. Cows stared at him, munching. Their placid features gave him a sense of tranquillity. He broke off a twig of birch and began munching himself.

The road was curiously deserted. Once a buckboard laden to the danger-point with a Hungarian couple, their progeny, and their boarders, lumbered past him. He knew them. He knew also that they possessed a Tin Horse themselves, and found himself expatiating inwardly on the patriotism of the newly naturalized that refused to give gasoline to the Kaiser. He passed old Widow Mayhew, crusty, stern, and stalwart, bearing her seventy-odd years likewise to church. He passed a group of city folks, elders and children, summering a mile beyond his own house. Their portion was eight miles. They greeted him with a zest that told him better than words that a gasolineless Sunday was a romantic adventure almost as thrilling as a trench raid.

To his own amazement the Happy Eremite found himself waxing firmer and more elastic of step as the miles slipped away from under his feet. He had expected the opposite. He had rather pictured himself as falling into his pew at the end of the three miles, an exhausted man, puffing and knocking like an old car climbing a hill "on three." Actually he walked like a professional. He passed everything except quadrupeds. By the time he reached the State Road he had rediscovered his youth, and was vowing comical vows to get his revenge on Mary Floyd by making her do her daily marketing on foot.

The church was on the corner of the State Road, and the bell was tolling its message to deacons, vestrymen, and all other good people as the Happy Eremite reached it. But he did not at once obey the summons. He stood on the corner staring at the great thoroughfare.

He stared up its length of black asphalt under the arching elms, and turned and stared down its length of black asphalt under other arching elms. The State Road was a highway uniting two of the greatest cities in the country. Generally on a Sunday morning three hundred, four hundred, five hundred, six hundred cars, every hour passed that corner, going east or going west. To-day there was no car in sight.

He waited. He waited even after his vestryman's conscience told him he had no business longer to wait. Ha! Then at last

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came an automobile. One slacker, anyway! The car whizzed by. There was a label on it—*Official business.* An officer in uniform was driving it. The Happy Eremite still waited, fascinated. At length another car came. It, too, bore a label—*Physician.* Still he waited. The second car whizzed out of sight. Again the highway was empty.

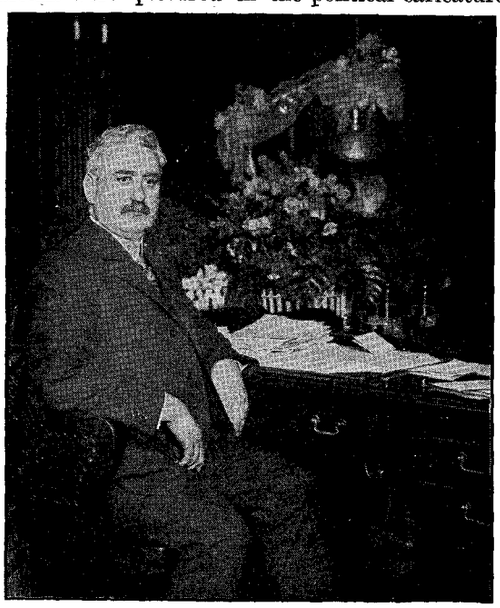
"Oh, Bill, Bill, Bill!" murmured the Happy Eremite at last. "Oh, William, your goose is cooked. I always rather guessed it would be cooked, William, sooner or later. But I never knew it for sure. Now I know. For no one has shouted, '*Verboten!*' No one has said, 'You *sha'n't* go joy-riding of a Sunday.' Some one has merely said, '*For the sake of your country, it might be better if you didn't.*' And, William, the roads are swept clean of Lizzies large and Lizzies small as all the guns you own could never in the world have swept them. Take it from me, William, take it from me. Your goose is cooked and your gander is boiled in vinegar. Look around and choose your exit, Bill. America means business!"

Whereupon the Happy Eremite entered the church just in time to praise God from whom all blessings flow.

A PLAN TO HELP POLICEMEN OUT OF TIGHT PLACES

AN INTERVIEW WITH COMMISSIONER ENRIGHT BY H. H. MOORE, OF THE OUTLOOK STAFF

COMMISSIONER RICHARD E. ENRIGHT, the head of the New York City Police Department, sat at his big desk in Headquarters. He is a big, stalwart, upstanding man; but not too big, like some of the old-time police officers who looked as if they couldn't run a block without being winded. He was nattily dressed, as becomes a chief who wants his men to look spruce; but he was not bediamonded as New York officials were pictured in the political caricatures of the



COMMISSIONER ENRIGHT AT HIS DESK AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS

days of Tweed. He spoke fluently; but not too fluently, as do some of the people who are all words and no action. He looks you squarely in the face out of steady eyes and shakes your hand with a good honest grip, and, in short, gives you the impression of being just the man you would like to see coming around the corner of a city street on a dark night if you needed a friend.

I had called to see Commissioner Enright about a plan that he has under consideration to help new policemen out of financial difficulties. I had not known they ever were in that kind of trouble, and said so to the Commissioner.

"Well, it's this way," Commissioner Enright explained. "You probably don't know, for most people don't, that a newly appointed policeman has to spend between two and three hundred dollars for his outfit. He has to buy two uniforms, an overcoat, a blouse, a sweater, two caps, a rubber coat, rubber boots, a revolver, a pair of nippers, and even a mattress to sleep on and bedding to cover him. Most of these things wear out and then he has to replace them. How is he to find the money for this outfit? Not many young men from the classes that seek appointment have money in the bank. So they have to borrow.

"I know this, because it was my own experience. When I was appointed, the new patrolman got $1,000 a year—afterwards this was reduced to $800, now it is $1,200. I was a bachelor, but even so I found that amount very little to live on in this expensive city, and I had at once to borrow money for my outfit. For several years I was in hot water over these debts. What must it be for the man with a wife and children?"

Here the Commissioner reached across his desk for a file and produced a letter. He went on:

"It was this letter that set me thinking about some plan to help the policeman who is in debt for his outfit. This man asked for an interview, and here states his case. He says he can't support his family and pay his debts too. He owes over one hundred dollars, which he has been trying to pay back in installments. Then he has his Liberty bond to pay for, he has benefit dues to pay, a doctor's bill, and so on. When he came to see me he said, 'Commissioner, isn't there some way by which I could borrow a couple of hundred dollars at low interest? If there was, I could pay off my creditors and get out of this snarl, and then I would get rid of the new debt in a year or so, I am sure.'

"I felt sorry for this man, for I had been in the same trouble myself, and I said, 'I'd lend you the money myself, but where'd I be as soon as the thing got around? Dozens and hundreds of other men in a similar fix would be after me, and what could I do? But I am going to think out a plan for helping you and the other men who have debts and are paying high rates of interest on them.'"

Pension	$20.00
House tax (bed-making, at $1 per month)	12.00
Bootblack, at 75c. per month	9.00
Insurance (including Department associations)	50.00
Overcoat (on time, $60), cash	55.00
Winter blouse (on time, $31.50), cash	28.00
Winter trousers (on time, $11.50), cash	10.50
Summer suit (on time, $25), cash	22.50
Bedding (including mattress, blankets, sheets, pillows, etc.), complete	35.00
Summer cap	1.55
Winter cap	1.85
Winter gloves (buck)	2.25
Woolen gloves	.90
Summer gloves	.20
Revolver	14.00
Whistle	.40
Pocket "billy" with strap and number	.45
Night baton	.50
Boots	4.00
Rubber coat with cape	7.95
Rubber cap cover	.95
Safety holster (for revolver)	1.50
Cartridge holder	.25
Belt	.75
Rubbers, per pair	1.95
Dress baton	.45
Tassel (for dress baton)	.70
Nippers and holder	.95
Cartridges, per box	1.10
Total	$284.65

WHAT A NEW YORK CITY POLICEMAN MUST SPEND (EXCLUSIVE OF LIVING EXPENSES) DURING HIS FIRST YEAR OF SERVICE ON A SALARY OF $1,000

"Well, Commissioner," I said, "what is your plan?"

"It's this: If some man or men who have made their money in New York City and feel friendly towards the place will cooperate with me, I can do it. I want twenty-five thousand dollars and I don't want to pay any interest on it. I will use it as a revolving fund for the benefit of these men. I will lend fifty dollars here, there a hundred, maybe sometimes a little

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more. The men will pay it back in monthly installments, say five or ten dollars a month. I will charge them three per cent interest, to pay for clerical help, stationery, and so on. In a year most of them would be out of debt. If any of the good people who have lent the money want it back it will be theirs on demand. They won't get any interest in money, but they will get a big return in good will and in feeling that they have relieved a lot of pretty good men of a heavy burden."

Here I interposed an objection.

"Commissioner, the city supplies the Department heads with automobiles, doesn't it, because efficiency and the good of the force demand it?"

"Yes."

"Well, why shouldn't the city supply the policemen with their outfit because efficiency and the good of the force demand it? Why should the city furnish one man with a car and make another man pay for a club and a revolver?"

"Well," was the answer, "there is some logic in that, as there is in the other fact that the Government supplies a soldier with his equipment. But practically there are too many difficulties in your plan. If the police were to get their outfit free the firemen would want theirs free, and then the street-cleaners. And then Father Knickerbocker would throw up his hands and say, 'You're putting more taxes on me! It'll cost ten million dollars! And I won't stand for it.'"

'Well, why not get the Legislature to give you an appropriation?"

"That would be impossible. There would be the same cry about taxation, and added to it would be: 'Paternalism! Let New York City's police take care of themselves and not look to the State for aid.' So the trouble would still be with us. I've thought the thing pretty well through, and if I can get a few willing hands to help I'm sure we can aid these patrolmen along the line I suggest. There is something in the spirit of the times, too, that would make my plan a good one for the helpers as well as the helped. The police of New York, I believe, are impartial protectors of property, but sometimes one hears of one of them saying, 'What do these rich guys do for us? We pound the pavement all day and all night for them, but do we ever get any gratitude for it?' If ever any of the police feel that way they would have a change of heart if they found that some men with money were helping to keep them free from debt and out of the hands of the money sharks."

The Commissioner rose, for I had spent half an hour with him and there were others waiting to see him. As he shook hands with me I remarked, "You seem to like flowers, Commissioner Enright."

He said, "Just step out here a minute."

We walked through French windows on to a roof space adjoining his office. It was freely decorated with potted plants.

"After I had been working five or six months on this job," he said, "I took a short vacation. When I came back, I found the boys had done this." The big man beamed as he looked at the blooming plants. I thought to myself, "That man certainly has a big heart—he loves flowers and he loves his 'boys.'"

Now, if some other big-hearted men—or women—are willing to help him, and to help the New York police force in a fight against a burden of debt that affects perhaps fifty per cent of them, let them address Commissioner Richard E. Enright, Police Headquarters, New York City.

SMASHING THE GERMAN WILL TO WIN

BY D. THOMAS CURTIN

AUTHOR OF "THE LAND OF DEEPENING SHADOW," "THE INVINCIBLE ARMY," ETC.

ONE autumn day in 1916 Herr Stresemann, the great Industrialist leader of the Reichstag, famous for his invectives against America, stopped me on Unter den Linden in Berlin with the remark:

"Do you think that your country will break with us if we use the submarine to its fullest capacity?"

"I feel absolutely certain of it," I replied.

He paused, while his eyes flashed and his jaw hardened.

"Well, we're going to do it, none the less," he declared, emphatically. "After all, what could the United States do if she did enter the war? You are not a nation in the German sense. You have a vast extent of territory, to be sure; and, numbering population as one would cattle, you have more than we. But what a population! I will tell you what your country is: *America is a continent of jelly, full of indissoluble lumps of foreigners.*"

This statement by this prominent German vitally concerns us, our lives, and our fortunes.

Why?

Herr Stresemann is the head of the German-American Industrial Alliance, the Saxon Industrial Alliance, is heavily interested in the North German Lloyd, and is, in short, one of the leaders in the politics of big industry in Germany dominated by the Krupps. He has steadily backed the Tirpitz policy and all that it means; and not only will he and his party continue to exhort their countrymen never to give up Alsace-Lorraine, but they will also exhort the German millions to hold the occupied districts of France and Belgium. He works hand in hand with the Krupps in their ambitious and alarmingly successful scheme to control the whole German press, in order that they may forge manacles for the minds of the German people, so that these, in their efficient millions, will continue the bloody work of militaristic commercialism.

Herr Stresemann and the vast majority of his countrymen think they can win because they believe that we cannot turn the scales. They base this belief upon the opinion of us crystallized in the "jelly" quotation given above. Throughout Germany I constantly heard such remarks as: "The Americans are money mad and are willing to pay any price for peace!" "We can always buy America!" "What could you do? You are not soldiers." "If your Government tried to do anything, you would have civil war."

The reason, therefore, why the German belief that we cannot mobilize all our resources concerns vitally every one of us is that in this war of endurance—a war in which I have seen both sides in Europe bending beneath the strain—the one thing that buoys each side is *hope*. Deprive either of it, and the other wins. Hope is the greatest boon to the human race. It has saved lives and has made republics and empires. Convince the German people that further sacrifices and deprivations are useless, and we shall be within sight of peace.

"Isn't it strange that the Germans keep on fighting when they have no chance to win?" is a remark I have heard many times since my return home.

The majority of the Germans do not see it that way.

Only during one period of the war thus far has hope almost faded from them. That was in the summer and autumn of 1916, when food shortage, the breakdown at Verdun, and the combined attacks east and west shook Germany and threatened her much-vaunted unity. Pessimism was contagious. Everybody grumbled. Nobody smiled publicly. As I passed among them, I felt like a man standing on a dripping landscape with all horizons leaden-hued. At last the German Government was up against it with its own people. It played its Hindenburg card, and was successful more through Allied weaknesses than German strength, tremendous as that is. The clouds lifted over Rumania and Russia, and the sustaining sunshine of hope smiled again upon the Central Powers.

Once more the leaders sought to fill the people with the will to hold out and endure anything rather than yield. For four years I have done nothing but study the war on both sides, and I am thoroughly convinced that the "will to win" will be the final determinant. It has been developed in the Germans to a high degree through a combination of patriotism, delusion, and the horror of the taxation burdens consequent upon defeat. We must develop it to an equal and even greater extent. We shall

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have done this when the overwhelming majority of us are resolved that, from the Atlantic to the Pacific and from the Great Lakes to the Rio Grande, every scrap of energy we possess shall be mobilized and concentrated to the one purpose of smashing Kaiserism.

This means sacrifices, and we have got to make them. But the great and hopeful fact is this: *The more quickly we impress upon the people of Germany that, standing shoulder to shoulder, we are willing to make any sacrifices, that we are resolved to stick to the finish, and that we are developing a power commensurate with our vast resources and great population, the less will our sacrifices be!*

Why?

For the simple reason that the German *will* to win will crack with the vanishing of the *hope* to win. When that happens, the German people will demand something definite in the way of peace terms from their leaders. They may then refuse further to follow the militaristic pan-German will-o'-the-wisp into the death bogs of despair. *Yet that can happen only when the people of Germany are made to feel that there is a greater force outside in the world than that force of which they form a part, and which they have been taught since childhood is the greatest force in the world.*

There are many ways in this most complex of wars in which we and our allies must develop such force and show Germany that we possess it. One of the most important of these is finance. Right here is where every one of us, no matter upon what manner of war work we may be engaged, can do an additional something materially to end the sorrows which have darkened the homes of Europe and are now casting their shadows over us.

I found the Germans a thrifty and a practical people. Their own Government has educated them to know financial values in raising war loans. They have raised eight. They have grown to think of them in terms of three billion dollars each. What, then, will be the effect upon them when they learn that the Government of the United States is requesting, all at once, not three billions, but six? *Bear in mind that such a loan is nothing less than a world sensation.* The molders of the public opinion in the Wilhelmstrasse will watch in suspense for the result. If we fall short of what our Government rightly asks, they can flare such headlines across the German newspapers as:

AMERICAN PEOPLE FAIL TO SUPPORT GOVERNMENT!
AMERICA CANNOT RAISE ENOUGH MONEY
TO FINANCE THE WAR!
FRANCE AND ENGLAND LOSE HOPE!

These would be accompanied by articles which would fill the people with the belief that if they but continue to hold out they can win—a belief which would directly result in increased losses of those we love and a longer severance of home ties.

Imagine, on the other hand, the effect upon the German people, with their standardized idea of their three-billion-dollar loans and the great effort they have had to raise them, if they were confronted with the hard, cold facts that the Government of the United States can get not only the huge amount asked for, but billions over. Such an accomplishment would spell *force* and *determination* to them, and, owing to the kind of education with which they have been saturated for three generations, *force* is the only international argument which will impress them.

Knowing first-hand the German war spirit and how it is affected by currents of hope and currents of despair, I shall watch the result most anxiously. I sincerely believe that there is not an atom of exaggeration in the statement that anybody who buys a bond at this critical time may be really saving the life of some one dear to him by shortening the war. It is one way to help kill Germany's hopeful belief that America is a continent of jelly.

WHAT YOU WANT TO KNOW ABOUT OUR ARMY IN FRANCE

BY JOSEPH H. ODELL

SINCE my return from France I have been deluged with questions by relatives and friends of our soldiers. The queries have not been prompted by mere curiosity; indeed, they seem to me to have had their birth in the heart rather than in the mind. This war, both in its causes and its issues, reaches far deeper than a desire for national glory; it penetrates to the very source of our moral instincts and habits. We not only wish to win the war, but to issue from its awful experiences on a new level of personal purity and national honor. Therefore I hope that this catechism may indicate some of those deeper things for which I sought persistently while moving freely about France from camp to camp and battlefront to battlefront.

Can we learn the truth about our armies abroad? Will the censor allow it to be told?

In five articles I sent from France the censor deleted only three words, and those words might have indicated that a certain division participated in the fighting about Château Thierry. I brought back also numerous notes, read by the censor, without a cavil. I may say that the censor was not only just, but unexpectedly helpful, and was glad to have anything pass which did not give away vital secrets of military strategy.

What facilities had you for seeing our troops?

As a correspondent of The Outlook I was welcomed everywhere, and in the uniform of a Y. M. C. A. secretary I was able to reach the very front lines. By reason of personal friendship with important army officers I had the use of army transportation, which was supplemented by Red Cross transportation. In these various ways I was able to see numerous units and widely different phases of our military expedition, all the way from a great port to the extreme fighting front—the vast S and S camps, the reserve camps, the scattered lumber companies, the aviators, the hospitals, the engineers, the training schools, and the splendid fighting divisions actually in battle. In all, I must have seen hundreds of thousands of our troops.

Tell us something about the general health of our men.

It is excellent, the disease rate being nearly negligible. The soldiers look bronzed, sturdy, and in almost perfect fighting trim. They sleep mainly in the open air, have regular exercise, plenty of plain nourishing food, and are watched over with a scientific skill never known in an army before. Men everywhere were complaining of outgrowing their uniforms. And, by the way, our troops look very soldier-like in their spiral puttees and rabbit caps. On the whole, they appear to be younger and to have greater resiliency than their English or French comrades.

What do they get to eat?

As I messed day after day with both officers and enlisted men I can testify that the food was palatable and nutritious—abundance of white bread, well-cooked fresh meat, bacon, potatoes, beans, jam, pancakes, and sometimes simple sweetened puddings. Even when a big fight is on, the supply trains manage to get to the front, and no praise is too high for those who plan and carry out the supply service. Now and then a battalion may outrun or even lose its field kitchens in the *mêlée*, but this is rare. I saw it happen only once.

Is there much drinking of intoxicating liquors among the Expeditionary Force?

That is a difficult question to answer because it is quantitative. It seemed to me that there was a surprisingly small amount even of the lighter drinks, while whisky, gin, etc., are not obtainable at all. Officers and men both take wine and beer, but the alcoholic percentage in each is so low that no effect is noticeable. All the while I was in France I never saw one enlisted man who

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even seemed to be under the influence of liquor. Neither did I see any conduct that bordered on rowdyism. I never believed that men—hardly more than boys most of them—in such large numbers could be so orderly and gentlemanly.

What about the sex problem, personal purity?

Mr. Raymond B. Fosdick, the Chairman of the Commission on Training Camp Activities, War Department—the Commission which has done and is doing such magnificent work for our armies in the camps and cantonments at home—met me in Paris after he had made a most thorough survey of conditions in France, and he dictated the following statement for my use:

"People back home needn't worry about our boys over here. A finer, cleaner, more wholesome bunch of men I have never met. I have seen thousands of them, all the way from our bases on the seacoast to the front lines; I have eaten and lived with them in their barracks and dugouts. There can be no just grounds for complaints about their conduct on any score. They are here on serious business, and they know it. I have yet to see one of them intoxicated. I do not say there are no cases of intoxication in the Expeditionary Force; I have heard of some. I merely say that, with opportunities for observation somewhat unusual, I have not seen any myself, and I have had similar testimony from the Y. M. C. A. men who have been here for months. One has only to go back twenty years—to Spanish-American War days—to realize what a change has taken place in our ideas of training an army to fight.

"As far as venereal disease is concerned, the official statistics for the month of June show it to be at one-nineteenth of one per cent for the entire American Expeditionary Force. This is considerably lower than it is in the training camps in the United States, where we have been under the impression that we are doing a pretty good job. It is, I believe, lower than the rate in any of the armies now in Europe. Compared with the prevailing disease rate in the civilian population in the United States, it is almost negligible.

"Our men over here are not plaster saints—to use Kipling's expression—'But they ain't no blackguards too.' They are a great lot of upstanding fellows who are hitting hard and proving themselves worthy of our best traditions."

How do you account for this marvelous record of sexual purity?

I will give my reasons without attempting to indicate their relative influence: The men are wiser and more fearful of personal, physical, and moral consequences because of the instruction they received in the camps at home from the Medical Department of the Army, lecturers and literature sent out by the Commission on Training Camp Activities and the Y. M. C. A. and Knights of Columbus; the prophylactic treatment so rigorously insisted upon by the Army authorities for exposed cases; the fact that a large percentage of the troops are at the front and therefore away from temptation; the work of the Y. M. C. A., the Y. W. C. A., and the K. of C. in providing healthful and satisfying recreation and entertainment for the men in their spare time; and last, but by no means least, to the fact that nearly all of our men carry in their pockets, as their most precious and sacred possession, photographs of their women folk at home—wives, sweethearts, mothers. They bring these photographs out for the inspection of any sympathetic eyes at the earliest opportunity. Our men are home-loving, self-respecting, God-fearing fellows, pure and straight, in spite of the fact that a few of the weaker ones fall before the temptations of the larger cities. I felt that it was an unspeakable honor to belong to such a race.

Are they very homesick?

Yes, they are—very. There is no doubt about it. In spite of all that is done for them by the various non-combatant or semi-military agencies, they would all give everything they possess to be back home again—everything except honor. They do not disguise the fact; they are a marvelously ingenuous lot; but they invariably add: "But I wouldn't go back for the world until this show is over;" or, "But we've got to stick it out and see it through;" or, "We'll stay till the last dirty Hun is dead or cries 'Kamerad.'" They are hungry for letters from home, for a newspaper from the old town, for a word with some one who knows their folks; they are utterly homesick, and they pine for the dear familiar faces and places; but not one of them would turn back across the Atlantic until national honor and international decency have been vindicated.

Do you mean that they are unhappy?

No; for, although homesickness is constantly with them as an undertone, the men are healthy minded and accept gleefully whatever pleasures are available. The Y. M. C. A. huts with movies, theatrical performances, musical entertainments, lectures, boxing and wrestling matches, are always crowded. The Y. M. C. A. is carrying hundreds of the best American performers from place to place, at huge expense, just to brighten the leisure hours of the troops. Also, the men organize impromptu entertainments or sports on their own behalf. Our men, too, are mingling quite freely with the French civilians; I have seen them in scores of French villages and towns laughing and trying to talk with the adults and playing blithely with the children. Nothing has endeared the American soldiers to the French people more than the natural way they have of forming an immediate comradeship with the children.

What can the people at home do to mitigate the homesickness of our men?

Write letters often, and always write cheerful letters. Send photographs of all the loved ones, even if they are only small snap-shots. And then subscribe to and work for the war funds of the Y. M. C. A., the Red Cross, the K. of C., the Y. W. C. A., the Salvation Army, and the American Library Association.

Did you see any of our drafted men over there, and how did they feel about their compulsory service?

I saw three divisions at or near the front, and there was no difference apparent between them and the Regulars or National Guardsmen in temper, morale, or bearing. All distinctions have faded, and in France there are only American citizen-soldiers, the exponents of effective democracy.

How do our men get along with their French and British allies?

With the French better than with the British. There are such great differences of language, habits, food, and methods between our troops and the French that there is no basis for comparison. We accept their ways as final. But the British are so near to us that the differences are noticeable and noted. I do not mean that there is any bad feeling between our men and the British, but there is not the *abandon* of cordiality that marks our relationship with the French soldiers. And for a while there was a tendency among our men to think that both the French and the British had gone stale, or were war-weary, or were content not to fight very aggressively. But after a few days of fighting side by side in the Rheims-Soissons salient all such impressions were swept away, and our troops have now both respect and enthusiasm for their allies as warriors. But it still remains true that the British temperament, war aims, sacrifices, and contributions on both land and sea are sadly in need of interpretation to Americans.

What do our men think of the German soldiers?

They hate them now, although at first their attitude was rather one of scorn. But they have seen the horrible and gratuitous devastation wrought by the Hun, they have experienced his treachery and brutality upon the battlefield, they have looked upon evidences of his utter beastliness in places recently evacuated, such as Château Thierry, and now they hate him with a clean, manly, and even God-like hatred. They know that all the distinctions said to exist between the German rulers and the German people are the mere fictions of diplomatic *finesse*, and that to-day there is only one Hun, and that that Hun stretches all the way down from the perjured-souled Kaiser to the purchased-souled private. That is why the American troops are rushing into battle with the cry of "Lusitania" on their lips.

How do our men fight?

In a thoroughly businesslike way. Stories of individual valor, sent back by the newspaper correspondents, would make it seem that every American soldier is on his own, and that he fights with the initiative and independence of a knight-errant of old.

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Of course he does when and where it is necessary. But the impression one gets at the front is that our troops are well disciplined, always kept in hand by their respective commands, and that they carry out the orders of the General Staff with promptness and intelligence. When moving forward into action, they are quiet and solemn; it is only when they are let loose upon the enemy that their individual and irresistible dash is noticeable.

What has been the effect of the Americans on the morale of the other Allied armies?

First of all, I must pay a richly deserved tribute to the influence of the American non-combatant units upon both the military and civil population of France. When the story of the American Red Cross is fully told after the war, it will be revealed how that magnificent organization held up the morale of the French nation during those dark days following the great German offensive of this spring and before the weight of our military contribution was felt. The unchronicled but glorious work of the Y. M. C. A. in the French armies, known as the Foyer du Soldat, carried hope and courage to our gallant ally just when they were most needed. Americans will always be proud of that vicarious service, and France will always be grateful.

In the next place, it is a combination of the quality and the quantity of America's participation which put new life into the other Allied forces. In the first sector held by Americans our men proved that they had staying power and unlimited courage. After the German drive of March certain American units were put at strategic points—all important points—between the extreme German advance and Paris. When the German onslaught of July 15 occurred, there were Americans brigaded with the French at Château Thierry, at Soissons, at Dormans, at Châlons. When Marshal Foch struck back on July 18, our troops showed at their very best in the open warfare which immediately developed. They rolled up the crack Hun divisions like veterans. They proved, to the High Command, that men taken from civil life could become invincible soldiers in less than a year. The quality amazed the French generals. At that time we had about one million three hundred thousand troops in France, and they were still pouring in at the rate of a quarter a million a month. If a few American divisions could do so magnificently, what must happen when we have a hundred divisions on the line? The vision electrified the French and British. Moreover, the knowledge that such vast and effective reserves were coming warranted Marshal Foch in using his carefully hoarded French and British reserves, and this has meant the continuance of the Allied advance week after week and the breaking of the boasted Hindenburg line.

How are our sick and wounded being cared for?

I was in several of our big base hospitals and many evacuation and field hospitals and dressing stations while in France, and it seemed to me that everything which energetic and mature scientific skill and careful nursing could do was being done for our men. I talked to the patients about the care they received, and from the scores—perhaps hundreds—of soldiers with whom I spoke there was not a single complaint. I marveled at the cheerful and patient courage of our men; although I saw many who were desperately wounded and obviously in great pain, I never heard a whimper or a moan. The Red Cross chaplains were doing fine service in all the hospitals where I met them. The one anxiety that seemed to consume the patients was to get well quickly in order to fight the Boche fiends again.

How is the Red Cross functioning in France?

Its work is so multiform that no one observer, in a comparatively limited time, can see more than isolated fragments of its activities. I saw some of its efforts for the refugees, and they were beyond praise. I went to a number of its dispensaries in the munition districts and in the rural districts, and no commendation could be too emphatic for what it is accomplishing among the women and children. I examined the distribution of material to French hospitals through the American Fund for French Wounded, and the task seemed to be efficiently and enthusiastically handled. I watched the stretcher-bearers and ambulance men in their hazardous service at the extreme battle-front, and every man appeared to be worthy of citation. In the battle north of Château Thierry they got men back to the hospitals from the fighting line ten and even fifteen kilometers away within four or five hours of the time they were wounded. Americans who will not support the Red Cross in all its far-flung work of mercy are traitors to humanity.

Is the Y. M. C. A. making good in France?

Beyond the shadow of a doubt. If there is any complaint, it is because the soldiers have taken the Y. M. C. A. for granted, and they expect from it, as their right, services which no organization can perfectly render amid the tumult of war; they have forgotten that it is a voluntary organization, supported by public generosity, doing things that were never done for any army in the world before, dependent largely upon untrained workers, laboring on a scale so vast and against difficulties so formidable that any service rendered is a signal triumph of resourcefulness and pluck. Added to the work done for our men in the training camps at home, the Y. M. C. A. abroad runs the canteen, the library, the amusements and recreations, the vacation areas, hotels in the cities, a marvelous banking system, and whatever else will make for a higher morale in the army. On August 1 the Y. M. C. A. had 2,506 Americans at work in France, with over 1,000 civilian French employees. At the request of General Pershing the Y took over the entire canteen service for the American Army, which means that wherever a unit of our troops is to be found the Y operates a general store in which all kinds of supplies are sold at cost. At the very front and during a battle the Y. M. C. A. secretaries carry cigarettes and chocolate in a pack and give them away to the fighting men. I have not only seen this done, but I have done it myself. Hundreds of entertainers have been sent overseas by the Y to take the dangers out of the unoccupied hours for our men—opera singers, actors and actresses, vaudeville performers, lecturers, etc.; the entertainers go from camp to camp at heavy cost and with great difficulty, and all of the performances are free. Nearly a million dollars a month of soldiers' pay is sent back to their friends in America by the Y. Educational work of infinite variety, from college grade studies to simple instruction in English for the illiterates, is being carried on in hundreds of places. All the Y. M. C. A. secretaries are in France at a personal financial sacrifice—not one is receiving as much salary as he did in America. The Y. M. C. A. women canteen workers are bringing a very refining and brightening influence to bear upon the soldiers, and still more should be sent. In a word, the Y. M. C. A. is rendering an absolutely indispensable service to the American troops, and is as fine an example of applied religion, minus sectarianism, as the world has ever seen.

Does the Y. M. C. A. overemphasize religion?

From personal observation I am inclined to think that the Y. M. C. A. rather underemphasizes it. In the beginning there may have been a few over-zealous religionists in the Y organization, but while I was in France those engaged in the field seemed to be so afraid of going to extremes that they did not keep the deeper spiritual motives and incentives sufficiently to the fore. Our boys know the hazards of their adventure, and they are serious; whenever I spoke to them in Sunday services, with simple but reverent directness, they thanked me with manifest gratitude. I have the same testimony from army chaplains and others.

How are the other non-combatant organizations serving the Allied cause?

As far as I could see they were doing splendid work within the limits assigned to them. Compared with the Red Cross and the Y. M. C. A., their work had rather restricted scope while I was there. In the two or three places in which I observed the Knights of Columbus the spirit and quality of their service were very fine; they provided homelike reading-rooms and stretched out a friendly hand to any soldier, regardless of creed or church. The Salvation Army has won the affection of our men, but its efforts are restricted by shortage of money; the Salvation Army reaches the hearts of the boy chiefly through cooking, which brings back memories of home, and by the bravery of its workers in serving as close as possible to the danger-line. The Y. W. C. A. is doing marvelous things for

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munition workers and government and civilian employees, and receives the encouragement and assistance of the French Government and War Department. The Soldiers' and Sailors' Home on Rue Royale, Paris, is doing a limited but splendid work for our enlisted men who happen to be in the city. The American Library Association is sending out books and magazines, but not yet in sufficient quantities.

If you had to divide, say, $100 or any multiple thereof of your own money between these non-combatant organizations working in France, what would be your ratio, based upon your observations?

Red Cross, forty per cent; Y. M. C. A., thirty-five per cent; the balance between the others. Of course this is a personal answer to a personal question, and is not offered as a fixed and final judgment upon the merits or needs of the respective organizations.

What does our Army need most over there to become the determining factor in the war?

That is the easiest of all questions to answer, because every one in France seemed to agree on the three responses:

1. At least three million men.
2. Not less than twenty-five thousand airplanes.
3. Unlimited machine guns.

When will the war end?

I do not know; no one knows. But our men are praying that it may not end until the militaristic Central Powers are smashed so completely in a crushing military defeat that autocracy can never make its dehumanizing and fiendish might again felt in the world. What our men are most fearful of is that there may be a proneness in influential groups of Americans in America to allow Germany to lay down her arms when her rulers see defeat to be inevitable, and then to sit down at a table with the butchers as though they were equals. Our men feel that any negotiated peace, or any peace based on anything less than a final elimination of Prussian militarism, will be a betrayal of the world's honor, and our heroes, together with their valiant comrades of the Allied armies, will have suffered and died in vain.

What more can we do at home to make victory sure and complete?

Support the Administration promptly and enthusiastically in all war measures.

Insist that politics be cut out of both parties for the duration of the war.

Conserve everything needed abroad and do it cheerfully—food, coal, gasoline, in particular.

Subscribe to the Liberty Loans and buy the Thrift Stamps to the utmost limit of your ability.

Give all the money you possibly can to all the non-combatant organizations now working for the good of our soldiers at home and overseas.

Remember always that sacrifice is the liberating and redeeming law in this fateful hour and that whatever we may suffer at home cannot match the glorious sacrifices our men are making abroad.

Stamp promptly and heavily upon every least sign of disloyalty or pro-Germanism whenever it manifests itself in word or deed, and always bear in mind that German propaganda now works toward a negotiated peace in order to save the form and fabric of its autocracy.

ACROSS SOUTH AFRICA IN WAR TIME

BY GREGORY MASON

STAFF CORRESPONDENT OF THE OUTLOOK

AFTER twelve days' steaming from Colombo, Ceylon, we reached Delagoa Bay, Portuguese East Africa. Three hours before we came up to the entrance of the broad bay, when land was out of sight and probably thirty-five miles away, the strong wind bore to us the smell of burning grass and leaves—that smell which always makes a Yankee homesick for New England autumn. The weather was only slightly cooler than it had been in the tropics we had just left, but there was no mistaking that scent. It meant autumn. Winter was just beginning for folk around Delagoa Bay.

An hour or two later a white strip appeared between sea and sky ahead, and grew rapidly broader. It was the chain of white sand dunes at the entrance to the bay, little changed probably since it was discovered for white men by the Portuguese navigator Antonio de Campos, who sailed up there in one of Vasco da Gama's ships in 1502. From that white promontory it was still more than an hour's cautious steaming between the reefs and sand-bars of the bay to the town named after the Portuguese trader Lourenço Marques. This is the capital of the Province of Mozambique, and is the headquarters of the Government of Portuguese East Africa. Thanks to their brave navigators who tried these southern seas in high and unwieldy vessels of rarely more than three hundred tons burden, the Portuguese have gained most of the East African ports which were used by the old Arab traders. Delagoa Bay was the first port of call for Portuguese ships homeward bound *from* Goa, in India; and Algoa Bay, farther south on the east coast of Africa, was the last port of call for ships outward bound *to* Goa; hence the names, *De la goa* and *A la goa* (contracted to Algoa). Delagoa Bay, it may be remembered, was added to the other Portuguese territory in 1872 by the decision of Marshal MacMahon, to whom the Portuguese and British submitted their claims for arbitration. He decided that England should have the first right of purchase, in case Portugal should want to sell the territory, and it is said that immediately after Marshal MacMahon's decision Portugal would have been willing to sell for twelve thousand pounds. How the British must have regretted that they did not buy before the Boer War, when tons of arms and ammunition were sent in to the Boers through Delagoa Bay, most of them from Germany!

Long before our ship turned up the arm of the bay on which the town is situated we could see the red face of the abrupt hill supporting the residential part of Lourenço Marques. We steamed past these almost crimson cliffs to reach the docks built out from the low ground which supports the business section of the town.

There is always a charm about a sea town where Spanish is *the* language, and a Portuguese port has the same charm. The two languages are sufficiently alike for a person with a small vocabulary in one to pick out many words in the other. As I stepped ashore I could imagine myself in a port in Mexico or Central America. There was the Plaza, where in a few hours the band would play the usual Sunday evening concert, and there were the street signs in words of a familiar euphony. It must be admitted, too, that most frequent among them was the announcement that within beer could be had. The Latins will be the last for prohibition!

A Kentucky colonel could hardly distinguish between a native of Lourenço Marques and a Negro of our own South. In size, shade, and feature the native and the transplanted African seem identical, and both have the same love for personal display, for frills, feathers, and colored sparkling baubles. In a heavy rickshaw wide enough for two I was pulled about by a Negro whose costume consisted of a sort of bathing suit, ribbons and tassels about the knees, ankles, and wrists, and a bunch of rooster tail feathers above each ear.

The town is a clean and beautiful one, especially that part of it on the hill where are most of the European residences. All the larger roads are macadamized, and there are electric lights and electric street cars. Being sub-tropic, Lourenço

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Marques has drawn its flora from both the temperate zone and the tropics, but more from the latter than from the former. There are tall eucalyptus trees, suggesting our sycamores with their patches of whitish bark, and here and there a slim cocoanut palm lifts its topknot against the sky. The sides of the roads are lined with beautiful blue bougainvillea or brilliant golden-shower, a sort of orange honeysuckle—at least to the layman's eye. Then there is an occasional tall tree like a torch with that fiery blossom called flame-of-the-forest, which loves the sun it suggests. From the hill there I had a splendid view of the best harbor in South Africa (Delagoa Bay is twenty-six miles long and twenty-two broad), with the blue Indian Ocean in the distance, almost lost through the blue haze from the grass fires ashore.

The air that afternoon had just a tiny tang of autumn in it, like our early September days at home when goldenrod and purple aster are ripening and barn-swallows congregate on telephone wires. There was a tense stillness, as if all nature waited for the season to die.

The next day I found it surprisingly easy to get permission to journey overland via the Transvaal to Cape Town, which was the next port of call for our ship. South and East Africa, unlike India, are little burdened with passport regulations, and in other ways there are few indications that Africa has felt the war.

The train left Lourenço Marques early in the afternoon, and the first part of the journey was through a flat country covered with uninteresting bush. Occasionally a few naked black boys would leap out from the side of a little puddle or swamp and wave their arms at us. Gradually the bush grew higher and thicker, and small abrupt knolls, or *kopjès* (pronounced koppies), began to appear. This was lion country, said a fellow-traveler. After a ride of about fifty miles we reached Komati Poort, a town in British territory just over the Portuguese line. Here was one of the most amusing examinations of passengers I have seen in any country, Mexico and Russia not excepted. A British official put us all through the most searching cross-examination as to age, occupation, nationality, itinerary, family, etc., but without asking any passenger's name! When one passenger twitted him about this omission, the official insisted that a knowledge of our names was "quite unnecessary, sir, quite unnecessary."

The bush continued to grow thicker and the *kopjes* bigger. Very common was a tree with a top as flat as if it had been trimmed. A British fellow-traveler who had hunted here said that the country contained many lions. He pointed out to us several low circular stone walls which had been thrown up by British soldiers as cover against the Boers in the skirmishes of the war of eighteen years ago. Soon at our right appeared a rather emaciated river, far less formidable in appearance than in reputation. It is named after the crocodiles which infest it and which are much more feared by both white men and black than lions or other wild beasts. From the train several of the crocodiles could be seen basking on the sand-bars which the receding water had left uncovered. When the natives, and when animals even as large as bullocks, go to the river's edge to drink, the crocodiles frequently rush them, and, if successful in getting a grip, usually succeed in dragging their prey into the river, where the reptiles have everything their own way. There are hippopotami in this river also, but their attacks on man are infrequent.

We were now in a country where nearly every village could boast of having played some part in the war between the British and the Boers. In a certain sense, though, we were unrolling the panorama of history backwards, for, in a general way, the fighting in the Boer War had taken a northeasterly direction, while my itinerary lay mostly toward the southwest. Over this very railway Paul Kruger had fled to the ship which took him to Holland a few weeks after Roberts entered Pretoria on June 5, 1900. One of the first stations we reached after leaving Portuguese soil was Kaapmuiden, which is the junction for the branch line to the important town of Barberton, the center of the De Kaap gold-fields. On September 13, 1900, Barberton was wrested from the Boers by General French, now Field Marshal Sir John French. Eighty-six miles beyond Kaapmuiden is Nelspruit, junction of the little branch line running nearly to Pilgrim's Rest, the village which was the precarious seat of the Boer Government when peace was concluded. This town is now becoming famous for the citrus grown there. These trees, pepper trees, and castor-oil bushes relieved the monotony of the wilder bush. The road climbed rapidly to another now historic town, Machadodorp, near which Buller rescued from the Boers three thousand British prisoners who had been carried away from Pretoria.

In the morning we woke up at Pretoria, founded and named for M. W. Pretorius, the first President of the South African Republic. It was the capital of the Transvaal from 1860 until it surrendered to General Roberts. It is now the administrative capital of the Union of South Africa, Cape Town being the legislative capital.

We stopped at Pretoria only long enough to gulp breakfast and change engines. In the forty-five-mile run from Pretoria to Johannesburg the track rises twelve hundred feet, so that, although the sun was climbing higher in the sky, the air grew cooler. The scenery was typical of the treeless higher veldt. This veldt was very rocky, which is unfortunate for the farmers who live on it in more senses than one. In the violent thunderstorms of the rainy season in this part of the world these rocks, which are filled with iron, attract the lightning, and deaths by lightning are common among those who struggle to get a living from this hard soil.

Again and again we passed a Boer farmer driving his four-wheeled ox wagon of the "prairie schooner" type. Sometimes there would be twelve oxen, sometimes as many as sixteen, pulling abreast in pairs. Where the veldt grew less rocky and greener, it looked exactly like parts of the cattle country in our Western States. Now we entered an industrial region. We passed a small branch line running to Modderfontein, where is the largest dynamite factory in the world. Soon we could see ahead and at each side of the railway great white mounds, like huge crude pyramids of white stone. The material was powdered stone, and the hills were heaps of the white tailings or refuse from the gold mines. We were now entering the Witwatersrand (White Water Ridge), which produces more gold than any other district in the world. The high hills of the white rock refuse grew more and more conspicuous until we reached Johannesburg.

Jo'burg, as the residents like to call it, which was a mere mining camp thirty years ago, is now a city of 260,000 (140,000 whites) which would be a credit to any country. The principal streets are wide and well paved, and the most conspicuous thing about it is an air of hustle and prosperity which some Americans like to think is peculiarly American. I kept rubbing my eyes, for I felt sure I was at home. There are a dozen cities in our West which have the exact tone and spirit of Jo'burg, no doubt, but those with which I am most familiar are in Texas. It is like San Antonio, and perhaps more like a larger El Paso, for the excitable psychology of a frontier town still lingers in Johannesburg. Jo'burg is full of ready money, and by the same token living there is expensive. It is easy come and easy go in Jo'burg, and the inhabitants are proud of it. Especially they would have you know that Jo'burg is "alive and kicking."

On the first glimpse of Johannesburg I recalled what a fellow-passenger had said to me on the steamer. "South Africa is the happiest place in the world," this woman had said.

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"I mean," she said, "that South Africa is full of great, strong, healthy men and women who ride wonderfully and don't think."

There is the glow of open-air living on the cheeks of the men, women, and children you see in Johannesburg and the spring of clean muscles in their gait. In other ways the place seems happy. The soft collar and soft hat predominate there, and no healthier climate can be found in the world. At an altitude of 5,740 feet, Jo'burg has the dry, bracing, sunny climate of northern Mexico and parts of our Southwest. You could not be morbid, melancholy, or really atheistic there if you tried.

In a city where money is as easily made as in Johannesburg it is not surprising to find that every one is more or less of a gambler. Whether it is stocks, mining shares, land booms, poker, or surreptitiously sold tickets in the Portuguese East African lotteries, every one in Jo'burg, from millionaire clubman to chambermaid, succumbs to the aleatory instinct now and then.

Though the big, red-cheeked sons and daughters of Boer

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farmers are seen driving or walking through its shopping streets, Johannesburg is now much more British than Boer. And, as the largest city in South Africa, it is full of echoes of the conflict between the two white nationalities there which will end no one can say when or how.

The British in South Africa are very frank in discussing this, and some of the things they say surprise the stranger who has formed his opinion of the British-Boer question only from the salient evidence that General Smuts and General Botha and many other Boers are loyal to the British Empire and have served with conspicuous devotion through the present war. In the short time that I was in the Union of South Africa I talked with a good many Britons, and almost without exception they admitted that republican sentiment is on the increase among the Boers.

The three outstanding political parties in South Africa are, of course, the Unionist party, the National party, and the South African party. The Unionist party is British pure and simple. The other two are Dutch. The South African party is the party of General Botha, the present Premier. It stands for the continuance of the Union of South Africa as a part of the British Empire. The Nationalist party is the party of the Dutch who are discontented with the present arrangement and who would like to have South Africa for the Dutch. The lower house of the South African Parliament (which has all the initiative in legislation) is at present easily controlled by the coalition between the Unionist and South African parties which was formed in order to secure the devotion of the South African Union to the Empire during the war. This coalition has something like one hundred seats in the House of Assembly, while the Nationalists have only twenty-seven or twenty-eight. The Labor party and the independents each have two or three representatives. Thus at present the Government of the Union is easily controlled by the groups loyal to the Allies and to the British Empire. But nearly every Briton with whom I talked was of the opinion that the Nationalists are steadily growing in influence. A few men expressed the belief that if an election should be held to-morrow the Nationalists would win a majority of seats in the important lower house of the Legislature. This, however, is certainly an exaggerated view. What all intelligent loyal South Africans are anxious about, however, is the outcome of the next regular election, which comes in 1920. If the war should end before then, and if the strength of the Nationalists continues to grow at the present rate, it is by no means certain that the next election will not result in a victory for the party which wants eventually to reinstate in South Africa a republic of the Dutch, for the Dutch, and by the Dutch.

What makes prognostications more difficult is the fact that not a few Boers are now enrolled among those loyal to England merely for reasons of expediency. How many there are of these who would show their true colors in a crisis by deserting to the other side no one can say.

Of the 1,400,000 whites in the Union only about forty per cent are British. Fourteen years ago more than fifty per cent of the whites in the same territory were British. But a good many Britons who came out in the rush after the Boer War have gone home, and the higher birth rate of the Dutch has helped to carry them ahead. It bids fair to carry them further and further ahead unless the British swell their number by immigration. This the Unionist party wants to do, but both the South African and Nationalist parties are strongly opposed. British immigration would mean the building up of a predominating British electorate and the eventual political eclipse of the Dutch. The Dutch are well aware of this, and will fight immigration to the last ditch. A hard struggle on this issue seems inevitable, but it is hard to see how the Dutch can be moved from their position unless the British home Government should interfere. Such interference is unlikely, for it might beget open rebellion.

The Orange Free State and the Transvaal are naturally the centers of the Dutch unrest, though there is not a little of it in the northern part of the Cape Province. The dissatisfaction is rather vague. It is a sentimental hankering for the old days of the Boer Republic, plus the natural desire of the outs to get in. The Dutch can complain of no serious injustice at the hands of the British. There are no discriminations against them such as they enforced against foreigners in their former republic. The Boers have all the privileges of the British and are allowed their own language. The Union Government "Gazette," the official publication of the Union Government, is published in both English and Dutch. The British are very easy on the Boers, some Britons say too easy.

There is an opinion among the disaffected Dutch that victory for Germany would help them. As a matter of fact, it is only too easy to imagine what Germany would do to a rich Boer Republic if she should win the war and recover her colonies in Africa. Men like General Smuts—the intelligent Boers—are not deceived on this point. But the average Boer is not very intelligent and is extremely provincial. He has no idea of affairs outside of South Africa; he cannot realize the strength of the British Empire; he cannot appreciate the importance of sea power in relation to colonial attempts at independence. The average Boer is lazy, like most white men in South Africa; but, more than that, the average Boer is old-fashioned in everything, from religion to agriculture. The methods used by the Boer agriculturist would make a Yankee farmer laugh.

As a matter of fact, although the Dutch in South Africa talk glibly about democracy, they do not understand it. The old Transvaal Republic was an oligarchy pure and simple. There is much more democracy under the present union.

The Dutch in South Africa consider the British interlopers. "The Dutch came here first, and the country rightfully belongs to them," is their cry. The Boer sees no inconsistency in this slogan, for, like all other white men, he ignores the claims of the native. But it is the admission of the shrewdest white men in South Africa, whatever their national origin, that the native problem is beneath everything.

A Briton who is as prominent a business man in Johannesburg as any of his countrymen said to me:

"The contact between the black and the white always degrades both. The white man gets lazy, the black man is demoralized by white institutions. After they have come in contact with white civilization the male black declines in honesty and other virtues, the female in chastity. I would like to see Africa divided, districts being set apart for both black and white in which the other must enter only under special circumstances. But this would be difficult to accomplish, for it would demand great sacrifices on the part of the whites."

This man's testimony as to the effect on the white man of his proximity to the black is corroborated on every hand. "Black labor is the curse of South Africa, because it makes the white man lazy and leads to his degeneration," intelligent whites tell you again and again. And it is probably true that the white farmer in South Africa does much less labor with his own hands than the white farmer in Canada, for instance.

It is idle to speculate on the future of South Africa with consideration for the influence and prospects of Boer and Briton alone, for the native holds the biggest trumps. Slowly but surely native labor is replacing white in one enterprise after another. The skilled native laborer is becoming a factor to be reckoned with. And white labor is hastening its own downfall by a series of strikes, conflicts between white labor and white capital disastrous to both, and incidentally providing the black man with an example of the power of organized action which he is not slow to recognize. Ten years ago the black walked only in the *streets* of Johannesburg. Now he walks on the *sidewalks*. That is just one straw which shows the wind's direction.

There is no apparent way of sidetracking the black man, for the black population of South Africa is growing more rapidly than the white. To the philosopher who likes to contemplate the possible future in long stretches, it is not the conflict between white and white but the conflict between white and black in South Africa that is most interesting.

In the meantime there seems no immediate danger of rebellion on the part of the Dutch republicans. The fate of the rebellion of 1914 taught them a lesson. They have learned that it is impossible for swiftly moving commandos of mounted men to terrorize the country as they did eighteen years ago. The automobile has put an end to that. When De Wet's rebels were rounded up by motor cars, their horses were completely exhausted.

The thousand-mile railway journey from Johannesburg to Cape Town took me two days. Many of the names of the places

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we passed through had a familiar ring, as Mafeking, famous as the starting-point of the Jameson raid and famous for the remarkable defense put up there in the Boer War by eight hundred British under Colonel Baden-Powell, who held out for 217 days until relief came. Also, of course, Modder River, and Magersfontein, only a few miles away, as well as Kimberley, famous for diamonds. On the train was an old British sergeant-major with red hair, red mustache, and fine Greek features who had fought in that war and who had just returned from the war of to-day after three years in Flanders and France. He kept shaking his head as we passed the familiar places.

"Ah, that *was* a war!" he said. "O' course it was no picnic, but a man 'ad a 'orse an' could move 'round with a bit o' freedom. This 'ere fightin' in Flanders ain't proper fightin' at all. It's like anchorin' two prisons side by side an' makin' 'em blaze away at each other."

Throughout the first part of the run, while we were in the Transvaal, the flat expanse of veldt was unbroken by any elevation; but when we got down into the northern part of the Cape Province, bare, jagged, fantastic mountains began to appear. Take a Texan there blindfolded and he might swear he was in southwestern Texas or northern Mexico, except for the absence of burros. Farther on we crossed the great Karoo Desert, as dry as Arizona, but needing only irrigation, like all the country in the neighborhood, to make it as fertile as anything in South Africa. Like Mexico, South Africa is virtually untouched as yet. Perhaps there is a good deal of truth in the remark of a Scotchman from Johannesburg who said to me that, in his opinion, the best thing for South Africa would be the exhaustion of the gold mines.

"Then they'd turn to the real riches of the country," said he. "It was the same way in Australia."

South Africa needs the adequate development of her soil by planters and farmers, individually perhaps, not by great landholders. But, unfortunately, most of the best land is now held by private land companies, so that it is difficult for the Government to encourage individual homesteaders to try their luck with the veldt. Much of the land held by these private companies is suitable for agriculture, but was bought for its imaginary mineral wealth. Though it is valueless for their own purposes, the owners will sell it only at prices higher than the average immigrant farmer can afford.

But there is no better land in South Africa than that in the Hex River Valley, which we entered when the train shot down from the great plateau of the Karoo Desert, dropping twenty-four hundred feet though thirty-six miles of picturesque scenery. Irrigation is very successfully practiced in this valley, where the soil is ideal for many fruits, especially the grape. The wine and brandy of the Hex River Valley are famous in South Africa.

After traveling all the afternoon through this pleasant greenery I came to the end of my overland journey. A great steep mountain straddled the track, shaped like a half-bowl, its jagged horizontal ridge darkening two miles of the horizon. At each end of this crescent-shaped barrier and nearer us was a sharp smaller mount, the Devil's Peak at the left, and the Lion's Head at the right. The main eminence was Table Mountain. Cape Town lay in the cup at the bottom, and off to the right was blue Table Bay, with American sailing ships resting at anchor.

"In all the world," said Froude, "there is perhaps no city so beautifully situated as Cape Town." If he had said seaport city, perhaps few would dispute him.

Cape Town, South Africa, June 15, 1918.

THE WAR COSTS AND THE WAR DEBT

BY THEODORE H. PRICE

AS we are entering upon the campaign for the sale of the Fourth Liberty Loan, it is altogether appropriate that we should take account of what two years of war will have cost us and determine, if we can, in how far and how speedily our expenditures can be recovered under peace conditions when they shall have been established.

American pride in the widely advertised wealth of the country has not only led us to be lavish in spending, but it has induced more or less exaggeration in the current estimates of the war's cost. Popular feeling is expressed by the remark, "Hang the expense! let us lick the Huns," and many people, having come to believe that victory was largely a matter of money, have felt a certain satisfaction in reading of the unnumbered billions that are being disbursed.

To a certain extent the growth of this feeling has been encouraged by the newspapers, until the editors as well as the public have become careless of the facts. Thus in the New York "Times" of July 23, under the headline "American War Bill Now Fifty Billion," there was published a Washington despatch dated July 22, from which the following is a quotation:

> In the first year the expenditure amounted to $18,879,177,012, while Congress has authorized for the second year ending June 30, 1919, appropriations amounting to approximately $30,000,000,000.

This statement and others like it have been widely printed, and the reaction of the public mind seems to indicate that most people are rather well pleased with the wealth and munificence that are implied.

It would nevertheless be a very serious matter if we were dissipating our National wealth at the rate named. The fact is we are not spending any such sum for war, and much of what we are spending is being invested in the interest-bearing obligations of our allies, which are presumably good, and in ships, shipyards, terminals, warehouses, railways, and other things that will be valuable and productive long after peace is declared.

The amounts that are being spent constructively or invested in the interest-bearing debt of other nations cannot be accurately ascertained at present, but the total is large and may be approximated. We know, for instance, that Congress has authorized the Secretary of the Treasury to loan $10,000,000,000 to our allies, and that the credits already placed at their disposal aggregate about $7,000,000,000.

These loans all bear interest at a rate one-half per cent in excess of what our Government is paying.

A statement obtained from the Shipping Board indicates that the Government will own the following property as of August 1, 1919:

Steel ships delivered	5,388,635	tons	$1,077,727,000
Wood and concrete ships delivered	1,627,500	"	309,412,500
Ships on ways and fitting out afloat:			
Steel	4,000,000	"	400,000,000
Wood	1,300,000	"	117,000,000
Concrete	750,000	"	56,250,000
Shipyards and plants			200,000,000
Houses			100,000,000
			$2,260,389,500

To this statement there is appended a memorandum reading as follows:

> In addition there will be an undeterminable but quite large amount of money which will be tied up in equipment bought and paid for but not yet put in ships.

Probably we shall be well within the mark in assuming that our investment in ships and shipyards a year hence will be at least $2,750,000,000, and this will not include the enormous additions that have been made to our Navy. Then there are the military warehouses that the War Department is constructing in the United States, and the docks, warehouses, and railways that have been built in France as well as in some other European countries. Very few people realize that there is a complete American owned and built railway system now in operation in France, which includes lines running to the front from three

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CURRENT EVENTS ILLUSTRATED

PHOTOGRAPH BY PAUL THOMPSON

LAFAYETTE DAY CELEBRATION—ALTON B. PARKER SPEAKING NEAR THE LAFAYETTE STATUE, UNION SQUARE, NEW YORK CITY

"Lafayette Day has now become a sort of international holiday of the Allies, and it should be so continued."—From an editorial in The Outlook of September 18 on "The Lesson of Lafayette Day"

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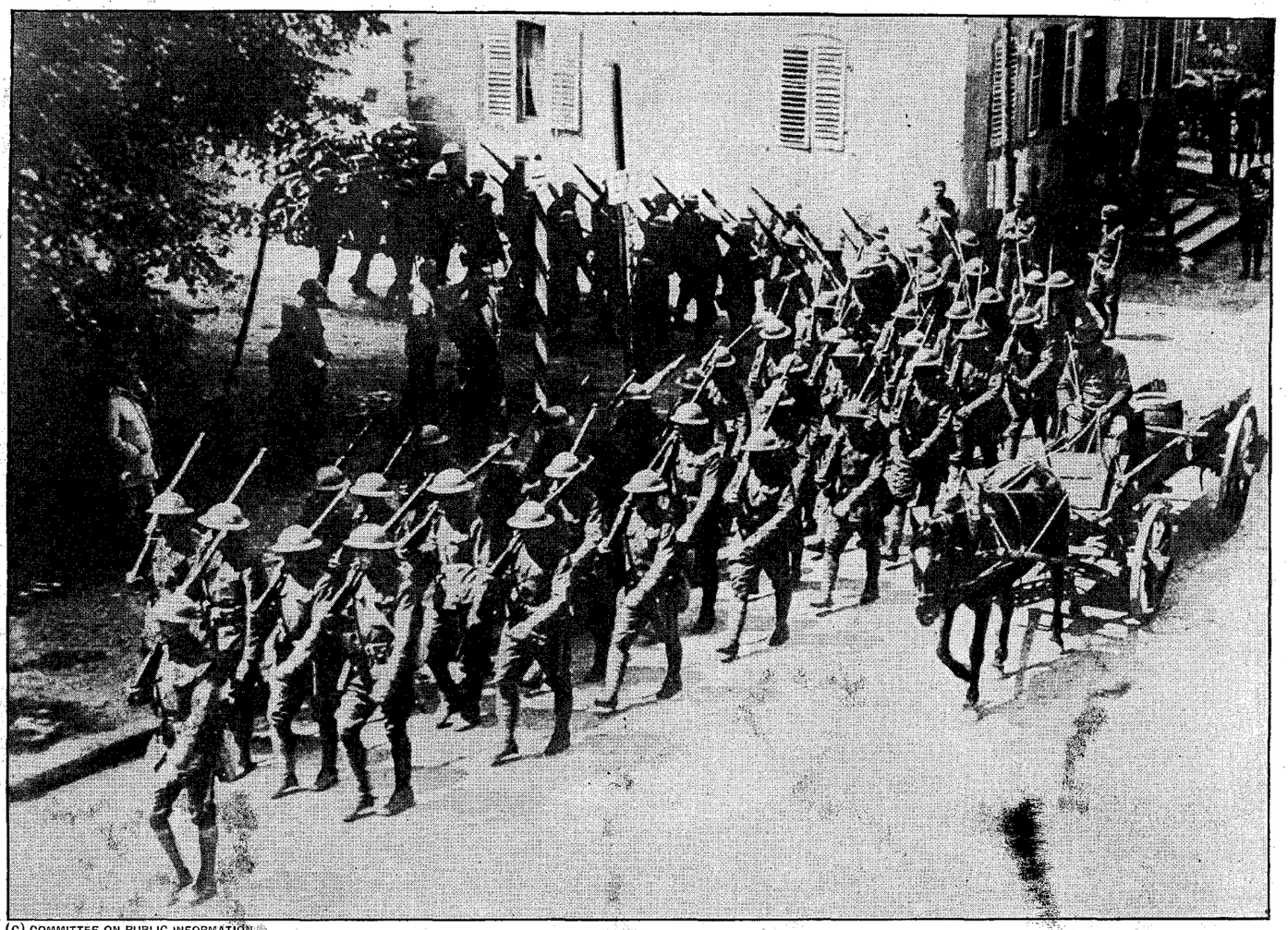


(C) COMMITTEE ON PUBLIC INFORMATION

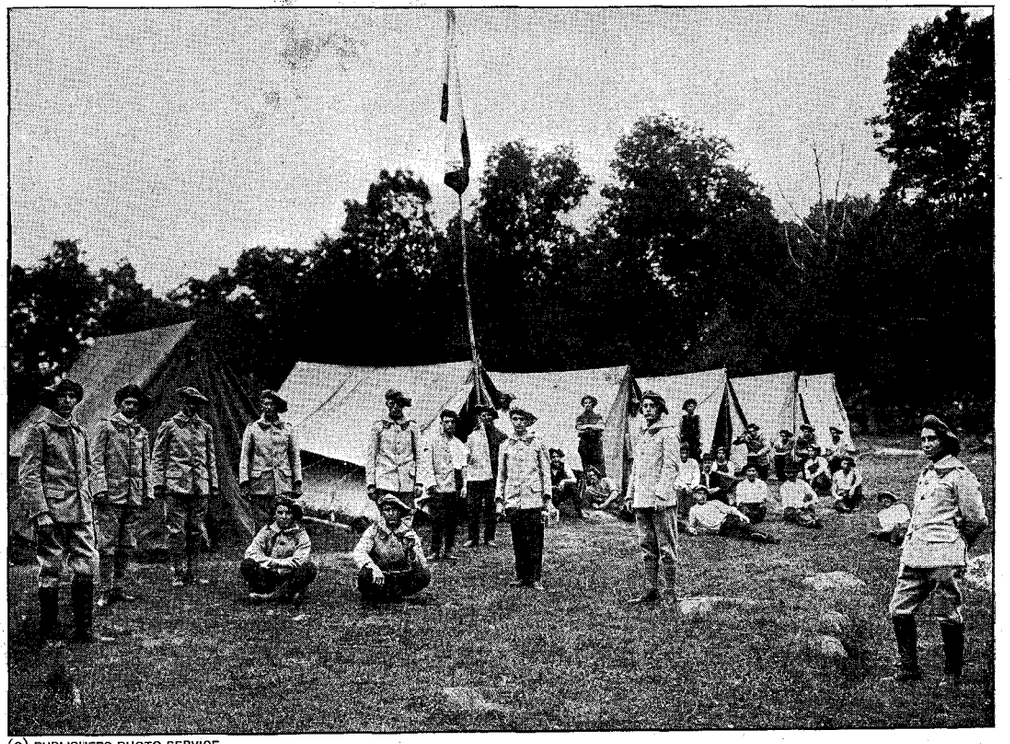
AMERICAN SOLDIERS IN GERMANY—PASSING BORDER POST WHEN MARCHING INTO GERMANY

This caption, supplied by the Committee on Public Information, conveys the good news that American troops have penetrated into the enemy's country. They are not yet "over the Rhine," but this picture is an earnest of their progress in that direction

BAIN NEWS SERVICE

THOMAS G. MASARYK

Leader of the Czechoslovaks in their war activities



(C) PUBLISHERS PHOTO SERVICE

HEADQUARTERS OF THE AMERICAN CZECHOSLOVAK RECRUITING STATION—CAMP BORGLUM, IN CONNECTICUT

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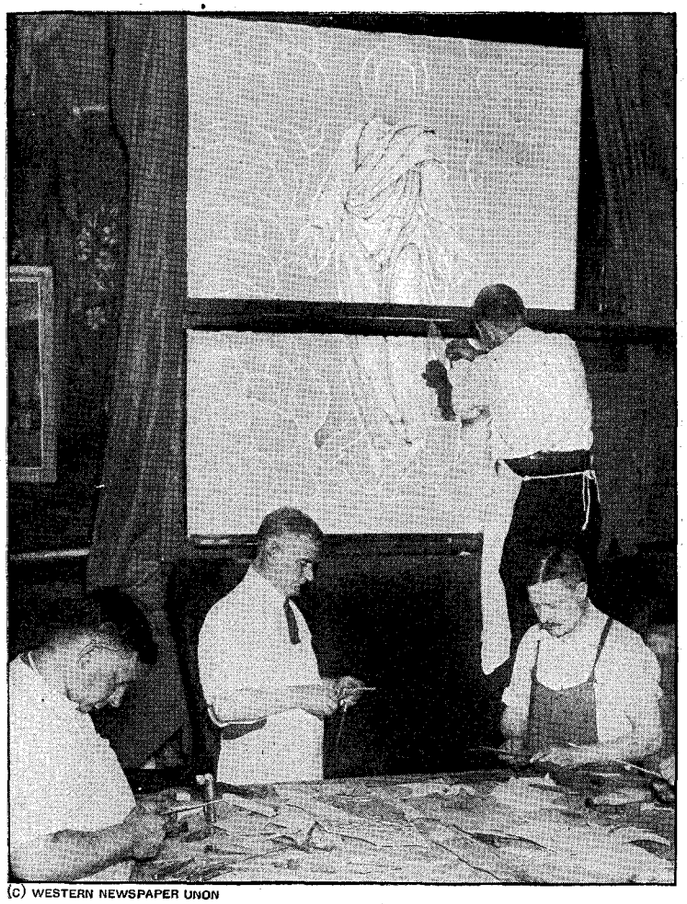


(C) WESTERN NEWSPAPER UNON

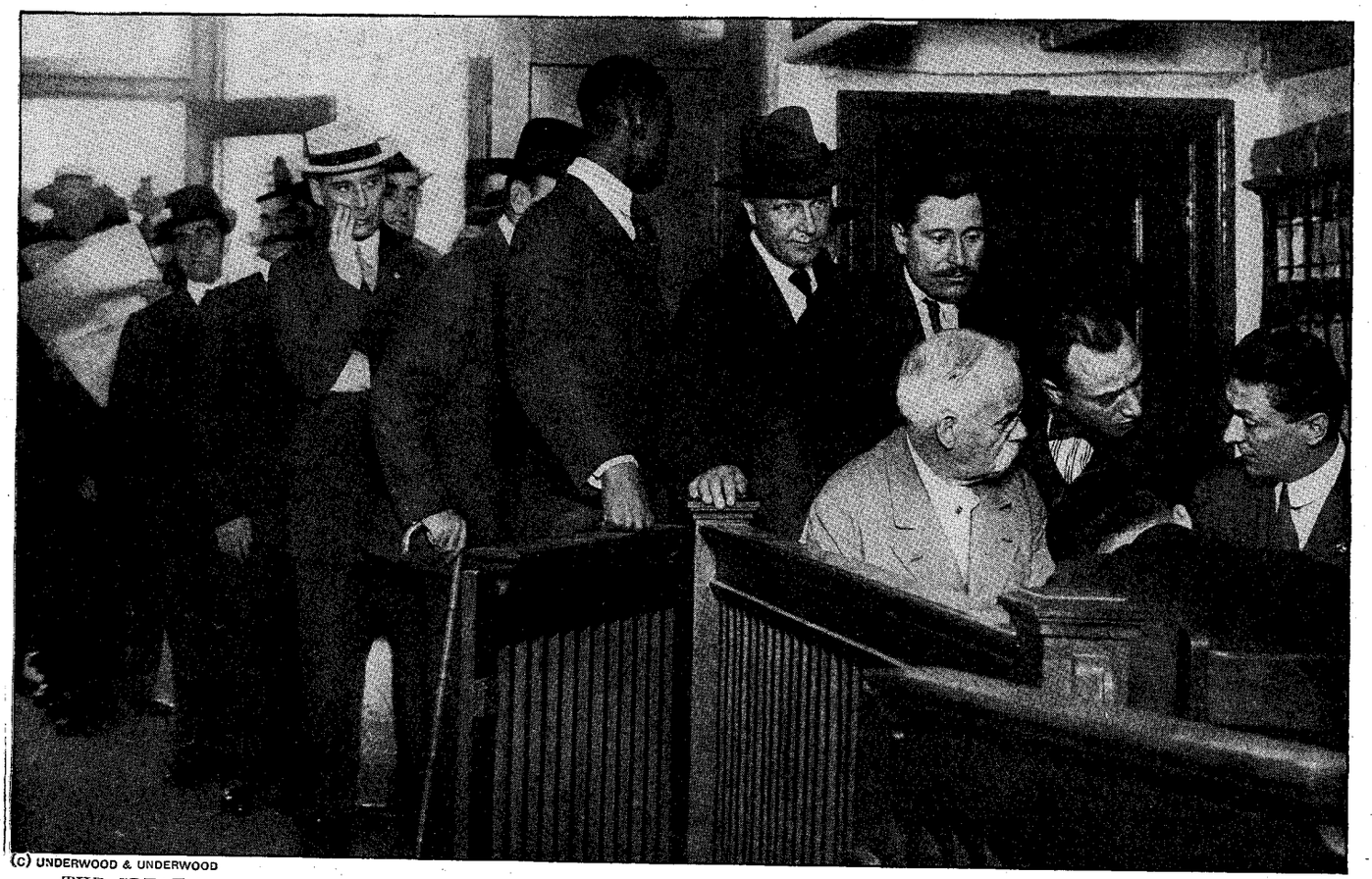
AMERICAN ARTISANS WORKING TO RESTORE CATHEDRALS WRECKED BY GERMANS

The work of restoring European cathedrals defaced by German vandalism has begun, and America is helping in the work. The large plate glass is known as an easel ; to it the patterns are affixed by wax. From this the exact sizes of glass are cut to reconstruct the church windows

POSTER FOR THE LABOR DAY FÊTE IN GREENVILLE, SOUTH CAROLINA

By Ora B. Edwards. The picture symbolizes the co-operation of the army and civilians in working for victory. The emblem in the upper right-hand corner is that of the War Camp Community Service, which organized the celebration.

See editorial comment elsewhere



(C) UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD

THE GREAT REGISTRATION OF MEN FROM EIGHTEEN TO FORTY FIVE—SCENE AT A NEW YORK CITY LOCAL BOARD

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different French ports at which enormous terminals have been erected at American expense with American labor.

These railways are equipped with American cars and engines, are operated by American soldiers, and it is said that one of them is being developed into a trans-European trunk line that will shorten the time between Havre and Rome by twenty-four hours. The accuracy of this statement cannot be vouched for, but from the meager information obtainable it seems safe to estimate the cost of our permanently productive investments in Europe at $1,000,000,000.

An official statement from the War Department puts the outlay upon warehouse construction in the United States "completed or in process planned to facilitate the speedy handling of materials for the use of the Army" at "approximately $218,000,000." Those who are amazed at these figures should inspect the reconstructed Bush Terminal in Brooklyn, which is said to have cost $42,000,000.

The warehouses completed or under construction are located at Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, Baltimore, Hoboken (New Jersey), Jeffersonville (Indiana), Port Newark (New Jersey), Americus (Georgia), Chicago, Dayton (Ohio), Richmond (Virginia), San Antonio, Middletown (Pennsylvania), New Orleans, Boston, Brooklyn, St. Louis, Newport News, Little Rock (Arkansas), Schenectady, New Cumberland (Pennsylvania), Columbus (Ohio), Charleston (South Carolina), and Norfolk (Virginia).

With a few exceptions, the buildings are permanent structures of concrete brick and steel, they are equipped with railway sidings and all the latest devices for the movement of goods in peace as well as in war times, and the facilities that they will provide will no doubt greatly increase the speed with which the vessels of the merchant fleet we are building can be loaded and unloaded both now and hereafter when we shall have recovered the place that we formerly held among the maritime nations of the world.

Other permanently productive investments that are being made as a result of the war include such enterprises as the plant for subtracting nitrogen from the air that is being built at Muscle Shoals at a probable ultimate cost of $30,000,000, a powder factory which will involve an outlay of $124,000,000 and which is being designed so that it can be used for the manufacture of fertilizers, and scores of gun and ammunition works that are owned by the Government and can be converted to the uses of peace. Finally, there is the capital that the Government has set aside for the War Finance Corporation, the Railroad "Revolving Fund," and the Grain Purchasing Corporation, which, though included in our war costs, is being safely and productively employed and will be returnable to the Treasury in the process of post-bellum liquidation.

In the case of a private corporation such investments would be charged to capital rather than expense account, and would be reckoned as an offset against any resultant increase in liabilities. Upon this theory of accounting, let us examine the facts and prepare a balance-sheet in which they will be set forth in their true relation.

The statement that "our war bill for two years will be fifty billions" is based upon the idea that all the appropriations made by the Sixty-fifth Congress for the two fiscal years ending June 30, 1919, will be spent and spent irrecoverably.

It is true that the appropriations for the year ending June 30, 1918, aggregated $18,879,177,012, and that the appropriations and contract authorizations for the succeeding year amount to nearly $30,000,000,000, but not all of these appropriations were for war purposes, nor does it seem possible that any such sum will be disbursed.

During the twelve months ending June 30, 1918, the actual disbursements of the Treasury were but		$12,696,702,470
Of which there was paid:		
For ordinary expenses of the Government, say	$1,000,000,000	
For interest on pre-war debt, say	23,232,376	
For Panama Canal	19,268,000	
For farm loan bonds	65,018,296	
For loans to Allies at interest	4,738,029,750	5,845,548,422
Leaving disbursements on account of our own war expenses		$6,851,154,048

The Treasury statement does not show what portion of this $6,851,154,048 represents an irrecoverable or unproductive expenditure, but we do know that prior to June 30, 1918, large payments were made for ships, shipyards, warehouses, terminals, munition plants, docks at various foreign ports, and the great railway system that we are building in France, and that the bills appropriating

$500,000,000 for the War Finance Corporation,
500,000,000 for the Railway "Revolving Fund,"
50,000,000 for the U. S. Grain Corporation,

had all been passed before June 30, 1918, from which it may be inferred that substantial payments had been made under them. It is a guess, but a reasonable one, that our irrecoverable or unproductive war expenditure during the fiscal year ending June 30, 1918, did not much exceed $5,000,000,000, if indeed it reached that sum.

In his letter of June 5, 1918, to Mr. Kitchin, Mr. McAdoo estimates the Treasury disbursements for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1919, at $24,000,000,000, which, added to the $12,696,702,470 paid out in the previous year, makes the total outlay for the two years $36,696,702,470

From this, in order to arrive at our disbursements on account of the war, there should be deducted:

Expenses of peace establishment, two years	$2,000,000,000	
Interest on pre-war debt two years, say	50,000,000	
Amounts paid and appropriated for farm loan bonds, two years	265,000,000	
Panama Canal, etc.	50,000,000	$2,365,000,000
Leaving for two years' disbursements on account of war		$34,331,702,470

It is impossible to ascertain in detail what this sum will have been spent for, but we may attempt a rough distribution of it based upon general knowledge, as follows:

Loans to Allies as authorized	$10,000,000,000	
Cost of ships and shipyards, estimated	2,750,000,000	
Cost of railways in France and other permanently productive investments in Europe, estimated	1,000,000,000	
"Revolving Fund" for railways	500,000,000	
Capital War Finance Corporation	500,000,000	
Capital U. S. Grain Corporation	50,000,000	
Cost of Army warehouses, New York and elsewhere in U. S.	228,000,000	
Other permanently valuable or productive investments, say	972,000,000	$16,000,000,000
Balance of two years' war disbursements irrecoverable		$18,331,702,470
Our total disbursements of will have been provided for as follows:		36,696,702,470
Total Liberty Loans authorized	$22,000,000,000	
War Savings Stamps authorized	2,000,000,000	
Taxes and other revenue, 1918	4,000,000,000	
Estimated revenue from Tax Bill now in preparation	8,000,000,000	$36,000,000,000

So that it would appear that approximately sixty-six per cent of our irrecoverable war expenditure, estimated at $18,331,702,470, will be paid by taxation amounting to $12,000,000,000, and that against the bonds and War Saving Stamps authorized amounting in all to $24,000,000,000, we shall have $16,000,-

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000,000 of recoverable or productive assets, leaving a net or uncovered increase in the public debt of only $8,000,000,000.

Of course it may be urged, and properly, that a large allowance should be made for the amortization and depreciation of these assets, and the policy of treating them as dead investments is undoubtedly wise, but that policy is keeping us in a position that will make the obligations of the United States Government the most besought investments in the world the moment that their further issuance becomes unnecessary.

The question is not one of their repayment, but of how rapidly they may be repaid without bringing about a credit contraction that will create depression. In fact, one of the things chiefly to be feared is that the lessons of industrial efficiency and personal economy learned during the war will enable us to reaccumulate wealth so rapidly that we will pay off the public debt too fast, and thereby deflate an undoubtedly inflated situation so suddenly that credit will be prostrated.

This was what happened after our Civil War and brought about the panic of 1873. Men can adjust themselves to almost any change, provided it is not too sudden. Deflation is desirable and inevitable, but it should not be so accelerated that it will result in shock and dislocation.

Including the men who are fighting, and the men and women who are working to keep them supplied with food and war materials, some 10,000,000 people are probably engaged in work that is, in a sense, unproductive. When these people are returned to the ranks of productive industry, the rapidity with which they will be able to create wealth will be astounding, for their efficiency will be greatly increased by the new methods that have been introduced and the devices and economies that have been adopted to speed up and augment war production.

The study that has been given to scientific economy and the results that have been attained are not generally understood or appreciated. In Washington there are two organizations within the War Industries Board that have done remarkable work along these lines. One is the Conservation Division, formerly the Commercial Economy Board, of which A. M. Shaw is chief. The other is the Resources and Conversion Section, whose chief is Charles A. Otis.

The function of the first-named board has been to eliminate the surplusage of styles and sizes made and sold in the manufacture and distribution of staple articles, upon the theory that a multiplicity of styles involved waste in production, unnecessarily stimulated the demand, and compelled merchants to carry stocks that tied up millions, and perhaps billions, of capital that was needed for the prosecution of the war.

To induce the manufacturers to make the changes and introduce the reforms recommended time has of course been required, but as their advantages became apparent the resistance has diminished, and in many different lines of trade the simplifications that have already been effected will save an enormous amount of labor and material, which means, in the last analysis, a more rapid creation of wealth. Thus about two thousand different sizes and types of plows and tillage implements have been eliminated and a great reduction in the variety of other agricultural implements hitherto manufactured has been effected. The sizes and types of automobile tires produced have already been reduced from 287 to 33, and it is expected that within two years only nine standard descriptions will be manufactured.

There were formerly six hundred sizes and types of metal bedsteads made. Now only thirty are produced, and the metal tubing used in their manufacture has been standardized so that its cost will be substantially reduced.

The color, height, and variety of shoes has been reduced by at least half, with a corresponding reduction in the cost of production. Each manufacturer of paint and varnish is now restricting his product to thirty-two shades of house paint and ten grades of varnish, as against nearly one hundred different varieties formerly produced.

To save cans the half-gallon and many of the smaller-sized packages have been eliminated.

In the manufacture of hardware, where the number of styles and sizes hitherto produced was almost infinite, the reduction will average fifty per cent. The number of items in one saw manufacturer's catalogue has been reduced by seventy per cent. In the stove and furnace trade seventy-five per cent of the types and sizes have been cut out, and those remaining require the least iron and steel for their production.

In men's and women's clothing the simplification of styles agreed upon will reduce the material required by from twelve to twenty-five per cent, and by restricting the sizes of samples about 3,450,000 yards of cloth will be saved annually. The high price of tin has led to a great reduction in its use for solder, Babbitt metal, bronze, tinfoil, etc., and silk dyers have learned that they can get along with thirty per cent of the tin formerly used in giving luster and weight to certain grades of silk. Great economy has been effected by inducing manufacturers to standardize the size of the boxes in which their goods are packed. Waist manufacturers, for example, are packing two or three waists in a box instead of one. This will save probably two-thirds of the freight space formerly used for shipping waists. Similar economies of shipping space have been effected in many other lines of business.

In the delivery of goods substantial economies have also been secured by the partial abolition of "C. O. D." and "on approval" deliveries, as well as by reducing the number of daily wagon trips, and price concessions to those customers who acquired the "cash and carry" habit have also reduced the retailer's cost of distribution.

The list of these innovations could be greatly lengthened, but from those described some idea may be had of the enormous saving in the cost of manufacturing and distributing goods that has been effected in almost every department of trade.

All these innovations are essentially methods of saving labor, and if they are not abandoned after the war they will add enormously to the wealth-creating power of the Nation, for wealth is but labor in a concrete and useful form.

The work of the Resources and Conversion Section of the War Industries Board is along similar but divergent lines. As a result of the specialization of industry practiced in this country there are hundreds and thousands of factories that make different parts of the things that are assembled and completed in other factories. The automobile industry, for instance, has become specialized to an amazing degree.

One consequence of this specialization has been a great waste of transportation. A simple instance of this is the pig iron required for the steel that will be ultimately used to make the saws in an Alabama cotton gin.

It may be mined at Birmingham, shipped to Pittsburgh as "pig," and there converted into sheet steel. Thence it might be sent to Philadelphia to be made into saws, and then again back to its point of origin, Alabama, where it is worn out taking the seed from the cotton.

In many other cases there is a still greater waste of transportation, and in one instance the same material transmuted by successive manufacturing processes is known to have been shipped back and forth over nearly identical routes some eleven times before it became part of the finished article and was put to use.

To eliminate this unnecessary transportation where possible, in so far as the manufacture of war material is concerned, is the task to which Mr. Otis has addressed himself, and he is succeeding so well that he will probably effect a lasting revolution in American industry that will save hundreds of millions annually both during the war and afterward.

But it would take a book to describe all the scientific economies that have been learned or evolved from the experience of the war. We have been taught to save coal, to utilize by-products, to use corn instead of wheat for bread, to eat less meat and sugar and to live healthier lives, to wear old clothes and wear them out, and to earn more by increasing our production, and spend less by decreasing our consumption.

By the saving in labor thus effected we have been able to supply the man power necessary for the successful prosecution of the war, and by the practice of the unnumbered economies that are rapidly becoming habits we have been able to follow a "pay-as-you-go" policy in meeting the war's expenses and to loan some $7,000,000,000 or more to our allies besides.

The experience has been salutary, its lessons will not be forgotten, and the record thus far indicates that we will be able to recreate the wealth destroyed and pay the debts incurred within a surprisingly short time after the re-establishment of peace.

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"NOTHING BUT A BOCHE"

BY WILLIAM L. STIDGER

(Written on board a United States transport coming home)

SOME special experiences that one has in France during these war days stand out like the silhouettes of mountain peaks against a crimson sunset. One of these experiences was that with the major down on our line.

It was a morning in March, following one of the hottest raids that the American troops had endured and swept back up to that time.

The raid had started at 3 A.M. with a gas attack. This lasted for an hour, and then a heavy shelling began, after which there was a marked pause so that the major thought it was over for that day. As was the usual custom, he allowed two Y secretaries to go down into the front-line trenches with provisions for the boys. But about the time they got there and had unloaded their bags, which they carried over their shoulders, the Boche started his shelling again.

"You fellows will have to beat it back!" the young captain said.

The two secretaries started back through a communication trench which led into a woods through which they had already come that morning. From this woods the trench led across a field to a camouflaged road which was the exit of the trench into the little village. The shells were falling fast in the woods as they hurried through. They didn't know just how they would get through the open field that was before them, even though there was a trench there. They knew it to be within plain view of the German heavies. When they got to the edge of the woods, however, fate decided their course for them, for they found a wounded German prisoner who had both legs broken. He was lying on a stretcher, and lying beside him on the ground were two stretcher-bearers.

"We're all tired out and can't carry him a step farther. We've already toted him two miles, and he's nothin' but a Boche anyhow; we're going to leave him right here."

But the two secretaries protested and offered to spell the stretcher-bearers if they would take the wounded German on in. This agreed to, they started across the open field through the communication trench. Half way across they found that the shelling of that morning had caved in the trench completely. What were they to do?

They must either go back to the woods or climb out and carry their wounded man along the parapet. They talked it over and agreed that if they carried the prisoner on their shoulders, being in plain sight of the German gunners, they would not be shelled, especially when the Germans could see that it was a German wounded man that they were carrying back. So on this supposition they started out along the parapet.

But they were new to the game of German warfare, and they soon found that they had started out on the wrong supposition, for in half a minute a terrific barrage of German shells was falling around them, some bursting within twenty feet of them. If it had not been for the fact that it had been raining for several days and the shells sank into the mud two feet before they exploded, the whole crowd would have been blown to bits.

As it was, they dropped their wounded prisoner on the parapet and "beat it," as the fifty-year-old preacher-secretary described it to me the next day.

"And I never knew before that I could make a hundred yards in six seconds. I was like the Negro doughboy: I heard the shell twice, once when it passed me and again when I passed it. I was much older than any of those other fellows, but I beat them across that field.

"We reported to the major. He said to us, 'Boys, where is your wounded German?'

"'We left him back there on the parapet, sir.'"

The major, a typical American officer, looked at them a while and then said something that makes me thrill with the pride of being an American every time I think of it:

"Well, he may be nothing but a Boche, but we're Americans, and you'll have to go back and get your wounded prisoner. If you men don't want to go, I must go myself."

And back these two secretaries and a young lieutenant orderly went. The stretcher-bearers had disappeared. There was another barrage of shell fire, and the men lay in a shell hole for two hours; but at last they got their wounded German back.

"He may be nothing but a Boche, but we're Americans," is a sentence that ought to go down in history to the glory of the American officer.

But the officer is not the only man with this spirit in the American Army. I can illustrate this by following this same German boy to the evacuation hospital. I saw him there a week later. His legs had both been set and he was lying in a bed between two Americans. His legs were propped up and weighted.

This boy was lying there and several American soldiers were giving him a little concert. I remember that one had a mouth organ, one had a guitar, and one had a mandolin, and several others were singing. The wounded German boy was overcome by this unexpected kindness and lay there with the big tears rolling down over his cheeks.

"Ah, he's nothin' but a kid," one of the Americans said to me as I came up to the little group. "He's nothin' but a kid even if he is a Boche."

The German told us through an interpreter that his officers had told all of the soldiers that the Americans were barbarians and that all men who fell into their hands would be killed. The morning that he was received into the hospital had almost convinced him that this was true, for souvenir-seeking Americans had actually stripped him of the buttons on his coat, had taken his helmet, his insignia, and everything that would make a possible souvenir. He was certain that this was the preliminary to the murdering that he had been told that he must expect if he fell into the hands of the Americans. But, much to his astonishment, he was well cared for at the hospital. He was washed and then dressed in clean clothes. He was well fed and well cared for by both doctors and nurses, and then the climax was reached when the soldiers serenaded him. This overcame him. The tears fell.

There are some who will scorn this kind of a story, and some who believe that it is bad policy, but I know of many thoughtful men in France who believe that if the common German soldier finds out that the American treats his prisoners in this manner when they are wounded it will do more to destroy the morale of the German army than anything that could happen.

Then there is another silhouette memory of France.

It is that of a little graveyard in a French field where two stone fences meet. It was springtime. There were five lads to be laid away that fair morning in God's Acre. There were three privates, a captain, and a German boy.

A few of us stood around this little quiet place with uncovered heads while the chaplain read the service. Then the first body was lowered into the grave, the salute fired and Taps sounded. Then came the second boy. Then the third, with the salute fired and Taps sounded. Then came the American captain, with the salute and Taps. Then came the Boche.

The firing squad didn't know what to do about the Boche. The sergeant turned to the captain-chaplain and said, "Sir, shall we fire a salute for the German?"

We waited anxiously to hear the American officer's answer. It was a tense moment. But we were not to be disappointed. Indeed, we seldom are in our American officers. No finer group of men lead an army in Europe than our American officers. "He may be nothing but a Boche, but we're Americans," illustrates the spirit of them all. They do not drive; they lead. Officers are just as much exposed to fire as anybody else. And this officer of the Church was no exception. He saw his great opportunity. He seized it; and in quick, short, sharp, meaningful sentences he spoke:

"Boys, we are not fighting this dead German boy; this poor lad is out of it all for good. And, after all, he is just some German mother's son. We are not fighting him. We are fighting the German military caste, the German Government, the German nation, but not this dead boy. He had died on the field of battle. Yes; play Taps for the Boche!"

I shall never cease to feel proud of that chaplain to the end of my days, and his short, sharp, manly, American, military sentence, "Yes; play Taps for the Boche!" shall ring in my heart and memory forever, and, I think, in the hearts and memories, too, of every man who stood in that little corner of a French field that shall be for always sacred to some American homes and to one German home.

A VIOLET IN FRANCE

ON PLUCKING A VIOLET FROM A DEMOLISHED WAYSIDE SHRINE NEAR THE FRONT

BY VICTOR C. REESE

American Expeditionary Forces

I picked a violet in France,
Beloved of shade and dew.
I wish my idle hands had left
It smiling where it grew.

Beside a little wayside shrine
Demolished in the war
It steadfastly proclaimed its faith
That God would quite restore

Each lovely work of his that man
In churlish wrath destroyed,
And that new loveliness would fill
Each aching, empty void.

It was a little violet;
I held it in my hand
And marveled that its withering
Should make me understand.

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OUR MEDICAL CORPS IN ACTION

BY H. W. BOYNTON

LESS than two centuries ago the army doctor was still a "barber surgeon." His primary duty was to shave the officers of the line. No doubt he did that better than anything else, since modern medical science is little more than a century old. Quite naturally, the old tradition of him has died hard in the army. His uniform till very recently has remained a sort of fancy dress in the eyes of the public and the fighting man. It was not so many years ago, says the historian, that "a British medical officer who had been rewarded for heroism in the field was contemptuously dubbed 'a brave civilian' by the commander of the British army, a man who never saw a battle." Heroism in the field is an incident in the medical service. Quite as many army surgeons (by percentage) have been killed in this war as officers of the line.

The current achievement of our own Medical Corps might be recognized more generously. In its work at the front it is said to be already more efficient than any other; none excels it, we may safely say, in personnel, methods, or organization. After we entered the war, it did in a year what it had taken the British three years to do. We had their experience to go by and the experience of our volunteer units during the early years of the war. But we had something else—the qualities we like to think of as American, the knack of adapting ourselves to new conditions and problems—assets of initiative and flexibility, as well as of trained skill. The German medical service is a capable mechanism. The British service has been more or less hampered by the famous British conservatism. The American service at once showed itself ready to adopt old methods or invent new ones, as the emergency might require. It possessed an amazing volunteer personnel. We discovered, not long after the war broke, that a queer thing had happened "over there"—an over-stock of American specialists of the highest class. Men of general utility had to be called for, to take the plumbing off the watchmakers' hands. A roster of our Medical Corps overseas in those first months would have been a sort of "Who's Who" for our most distinguished medical men in all fields. They were the first to be taken for service at the front. In a way, they had most to give. But the others were equally needed and equally ready to give what they had; and this we shall not forget.

But we ought not to let our pride in these volunteers obscure the merit of our Regulars. The American Army surgeon has always played an important part in our medical affairs, and has had little credit for it with the public at large. For example, it was Surgeon-General Rush, of the Continental Army, who made the first American studies in hygiene, insanity, and anthropology. His successor, William Browne, prepared the first American pharmacopœia. Another army surgeon, John Jones, published the first American work on medicine and surgery. Another, William Beaumont, was the pioneer in experimental physiology; his experiments in the physiology of digestion gave him international fame. Major Walter Reed, of our Medical Corps, was the man who discovered the yellow fever mosquito and who had most to do with the discovery of the real causes and means of control of typhoid epidemics. Since the beginning of the present war, Colonel Louis A. La Garde's treatise on gunshot wounds has demolished the old theory that the heat of ignition and explosion sterilizes a missile. His proof that the bacilli of lockjaw survive a journey by bullet has led to the anti-tetanic injection as a first-aid measure. These names may serve to suggest the quality of the men who have worn the uniform of our Medical Corps from the beginning. The name of Surgeon-General Gorgas may well cap the list.

Few important discoveries in medicine or surgery have been made since August, 1914. There has been no such event as Lister's discovery of the value of antiseptics in surgery just before the Franco-Prussian War of 1870. His method is still the main reliance of the army surgeon, though the best civil practice has swung from antisepsis to asepsis. Roughly speaking, one is the way of poisoning the flies in one's kitchen, and the other is the way of keeping them out altogether. The method of asepsis is the method of absolute cleanliness—of sterilizing, as it were, everything but the wound, and treating that with frequent and literal irrigation, with pure water. It is when this method could be used that the most surprising cures of this war have been effected. But there is neither time nor space nor leisure for these methods near the front. What is done must be done quickly with the aid of antiseptic solutions, the best of which, to be sure, are of our own time. With the methods and weapons of the new warfare have come new injuries and diseases. Most of them have to be dealt with by the application of old principles and methods to the fresh problem. One of them, gas gangrene, was studied by an American before it became an effect of war. As far back as the nineties Professor Welch, of Johns Hopkins, discovered the "bacillus Welchii," the malignant agent of gas gangrene. There are other effects of gas and of trench fighting—new wound infections and disorders of the nerves, and the baffling results of shell shock and wind contusion. These problems had to be faced before we came into the war, but our volunteer units did their part in working them out, and our Army service was ready for them when the hour struck. Our most distinctive contribution thus far in surgery has been in bone-grafting. "Simplicissimus" might do one of its delicately humorous pictures of the Yankee building a new jaw for the race! In a mechanical way, various Yankee notions have been contrived: a new hammock-stretcher for crooked trenches where the standard stretcher had proved useless, a standardization of surgical splints, and so on.

After all, it is in the field of prevention that we have done most. Our British cousin is notoriously proud of his personal "tubbing." Perhaps we take that process a little more for granted, and are less inclined to be content with it. We got the habit of civic and domestic as well as personal sanitation some time ago, while the average Briton still fumbles for the idea of that slightly ludicrous thing, "American plumbing." By the same token the Tommy seems to have taken his French billet pretty much as he found it. American troops, we are told, insist on cleaning up the premises before they will tarry in them even for a night. Their fight is against the vermin that transmit typhus and other ancient scourges, and against the flying germs that breed in filth. Not only typhoid, but the paratyphoids and cholera have fallen before their tiny hypodermic lance. Care, and more care, is being taken against the enlistment of diseased men, especially the tuberculous. Certain very recent studies and experiments even promise control of that elusive foe of armies in the field, the dreaded dysentery. And this is all of our generation. "At the close of the Civil War," says Dr. Osler, "we had no positive knowledge of the cause of any of the great scourges of humanity." During the Spanish-American War typhoid was still at large. A few years later our whole army on the Mexican border was jabbed in the arm—and the only case of typhoid known among those thousands was that of a teamster who had somehow dodged the needle.

What is the visible result of all this in a large way? During the Civil War there were six times as many deaths from disease as from violence. Undoubtedly there have been twice as many as that, taking an average of relatively modern wars. In the present war the figures read the other way. And our army leads the rest in health. As early as last March General Gorgas made an astonishing announcement, which seemed to attract little attention: "The world's military hygiene record for deaths from sickness has been reduced more than fifty per cent in the United States Army since we entered the war. The record until that time was held by the Japanese, and was twenty-one deaths per thousand. Deaths in the United States Army have dropped to ten per thousand." As for conditions at the front, we have the extraordinary recent statement, on good authority, that "the doctor has so dealt with the situation in the camps . . . that the actual death rate from disease among the men in the camps, under all the hardships to which they have been exposed, is less than two-thirds of what it was in times of peace in the barracks." Besides its functions of prevention and salvage, there is the third great field of the modern medical service, "reconstruction"—the care and training of the human flotsam cast back on our shores by the tempest of war. Military wreckage there must be; our new determination is that it shall not be moral and civil wreckage as well.

There is yet another aspect of the medical service. Pirogoff, the Russian surgeon, declared that war itself is an epidemic, and that "not medicine, but administration, plays the leading part in the aid of the sick and wounded in the scenes of war." As a feat of organization, the expansion of our Medical Corps has hardly been paralleled in any other branch of the Army service. It was prepared for war, and when war came it knew what was to be done and worked without delay or confusion. It keeps "ahead of the game"—manned and equipped for the care of far larger forces than are actually in the field. Its organization, we need to remind ourselves, covers far more than the relatively spectacular service at the front. As war loses its traditional glamor, we begin to see how much of it belongs to the rear. We have our great hospital system, our huge armies to care for, on this side of the water. And the heart and nerve-center of the whole big working concern, at home and abroad, may be found in the office of the Surgeon-General at Washington—an office covering seven floors of the busy "Annex" that flanks the Army and Navy Building, on the side away from the White House.

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WEEKLY OUTLINE STUDY OF CURRENT HISTORY

BY J. MADISON GATHANY, A.M.

HOPE STREET HIGH SCHOOL, PROVIDENCE, R. I.

Based on The Outlook of September 18, 1918

Each week an Outline Study of Current History based on the preceding number of The Outlook will be printed for the benefit of current events classes, debating clubs, teachers of history and of English, and the like, and for use in the home and by such individual readers as may desire suggestions in the serious study of current history.—THE EDITORS.

[Those who are using the weekly outline should not attempt to cover the whole of an outline in any one lesson or study. Assign for one lesson selected questions, one or two propositions for discussion, and only such words as are found in the material assigned. Or distribute selected questions among different members of the class or group and have them report their findings to all when assembled. Then have all discuss the questions together.]

I—INTERNATIONAL AFFAIRS

A. Topic: Bolshevism and Applied Anti-Bolshevism.

Reference: Pages 92, 93.

Questions:

1. Who are the Bolsheviki? State and discuss some of their beliefs. 2. Mr. Roosevelt believes America has its Bolsheviki. Who are they? What would he have done to them? By what authority and in what manner would Mr. Roosevelt deal with these Bolsheviki? Tell why, in your opinion, he is or is not too severe. 3. Explain clearly the meaning of profiteers, exploiting capitalists, and "direct action" men. Give illustrations. 4. Mr. Roosevelt advocates stern, prompt, and efficient action against all such persons and corporations. He also believes that the conditions which cause the wrong-doing should be remedied. State just what action you would bring against such people, and explain how the conditions can be remedied. 5. Explain what Mr. Roosevelt means by the "look-ahead power." He is of the opinion that this sort of power will be necessary to a high degree in our country. Give several reasons why. 6. Explain how the "look-ahead power" can be developed. 7. What is meant by an "orderly Government"? Name the principles and ideals that an enduring Government must be founded upon. 8. The Bolsheviki do not believe in either patriotism or nationalism; they believe in what they term "internationalism." What results have their beliefs had upon Russia? What effect upon other nations? Would you substitute internationalism for nationalism? Reasons. 9. Is there an internationalism that is really helpful? Explain. 10. Tell very definitely what Americanism is and what it is *not*. 11. Place in your library and *study* "The Foes of Our Own Household," by Theodore Roosevelt (Doran), and "Americanism—What It Is," by D. J. Hill (Appleton).

B. Topic: The Lesson of Lafayette Day.

Reference: Editorial, pages 85, 86.

Questions:

1. When and where was Lafayette born? What were the conditions in France and in America at the time he offered his services to our country? 2. Tell, with reasons, what you think of—"Lafayette is as unforgettable as Washington in American history and affection." If this statement is true, what is its significance? 3. Has America been saved twice by French valor? Explain your answer. 4. What is a negotiated peace? Illustrate. A dictated peace? Illustrate. 5. Do you think this war should continue until the Allies march into Berlin and there dictate peace at the cannon's mouth on German soil? Tell why or why not. 6. Should the Allies arrange a just and righteous peace with Germany? If so, should defeated Germany be permitted to have anything to say about what is a "just and righteous" peace? What would the conditions and terms of such a peace be? 7. According to The Outlook, what is the most important lesson of Lafayette Day? What does it say about that lesson? 8. Tell why you do or do not agree with The Outlook. Name other lessons of Lafayette Day and discuss them. 9. You will find valuable reading in "The Vandal of Europe," by Wilhelm Mühlon (Putnams), and "In the Fourth Year," by H. G. Wells (Macmillan).

II—NATIONAL AFFAIRS

Topic: The Student-Soldier.

Reference: Page 82.

Questions:

1. What is the Students' Army Training Corps? What are its methods and purpose? (See The Outlook, September 11, 1918, page 48.) 2. Do you think it would be undemocratic to send the student-soldier "at once on the firing line"? Give reasons. 3. Tell somewhat at length what influence this war is having upon our traditional educational ideas and methods. 4. From the standpoint of government, what authority is responsible for our educational system? Do you think this is as it should be? 5. Read the editorial in The Outlook of September 11, 1918, pages 46, 47, entitled "A Legacy of the War to Our Colleges," and discuss what the editors say in it.

III—PROPOSITIONS FOR DISCUSSION

(These propositions are suggested directly or indirectly by the subject-matter of The Outlook, but not discussed in it.)

1. The loyal American is the best internationalist. 2. All reasonable persons believe in a league of free nations. 3. All institutions are made of and sustained by propaganda. 4. Arbitrary authority is the most corrupting influence known.

IV—VOCABULARY BUILDING

(All of the following words and expressions are found in The Outlook for September 18, 1918. Both before and after looking them up in the dictionary or elsewhere, give their meaning *in your own words*. The figures in parentheses refer to pages on which the words may be found.)

Bolshevism, fanatics, the I. W. W., capitalism (92); Cardinal, immoral nations, treaties (85); college, inducted, education, chemistry, topography, instruction, non-commissioned officer, academic, effect, factor (82).

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Glasses do not remove the cause of eye troubles. Instead, the eyes come to depend on them more every day. Glasses are eye crutches! They simply bolster up the eyes—they do not strengthen them. Many people now wearing glasses can be freed from the inconvenience, expense of constant breakages, by strengthening and correcting their vision through the simple, yet effective eye educational exercises recommended by Mr. Macfadden.

Eye Defects Removed

This remarkable new Course teaches you how to use your eyes without strain at all distances—how to remedy cross eyes or squint eyes—how to restore the normal sight—how to restore perfect control to eye nerves and muscles.

Beneficial Results at Once

No drugs, medicines or operations. The Course includes a simple, yet thoroughly scientific system of eye educational exercises which strengthen the eyes exactly as the muscles of the body can be strengthened through body exercises. Results are immediate, and improvement continues daily. One woman writes: "I notice a great improvement in my eyes since learning to use them right." Another user says, "Your Eye Strengthening Course is fine. My eyes are already improving." Still another writes, "Words cannot express my great gratitude for these excellent books." (Names on request.)

SEND NO MONEY

Let us send you this new Course "Strengthening the Eyes" on 5 days' approval. There are 28 simple little lessons which will show you the way to strengthen and preserve your sight. Try the exercises, then return the Course if not satisfied and you will owe nothing. If, however, you feel that the Course will help your eyes wonderfully, send only $1 and then $1 a month for four months, making $5 in all. This price includes a year's subscription to Physical Culture Magazine which alone is $2.

Mail Coupon

If you value your eyes, if you wear glasses and want to get rid of them, if your eyes are weak or strained, or if you want to insure freedom from eye troubles, mail coupon now and investigate this New Course "Strengthening the Eyes." Send no money—but mail coupon now.

Physical Culture Publishing Co., Dept. 9-O, 119 W. 40th St., New York City

Physical Culture Pub. Co., Dep. 9-O, 119 W. 40th St., New York City

Gentlemen: Send me your Course "Strengthening the Eyes" which I will return in 5 days or send you $1 and $1 a month thereafter until $5 is paid (or $4.50 cash) in payment for the course, and one year's subscription to "Physical Culture Magazine."

Name.....

Address.....

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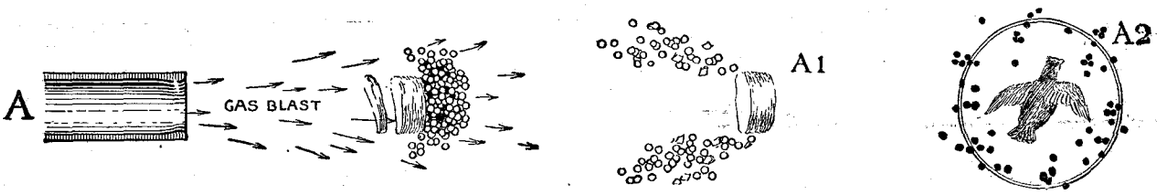
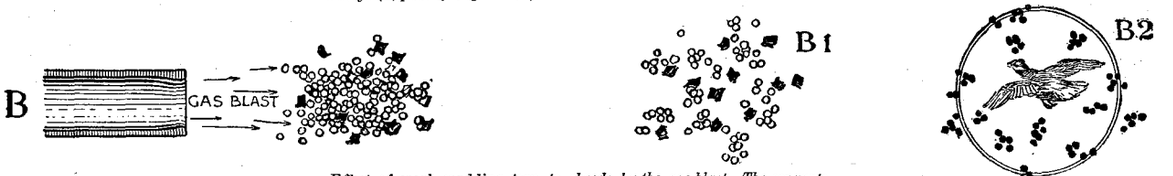
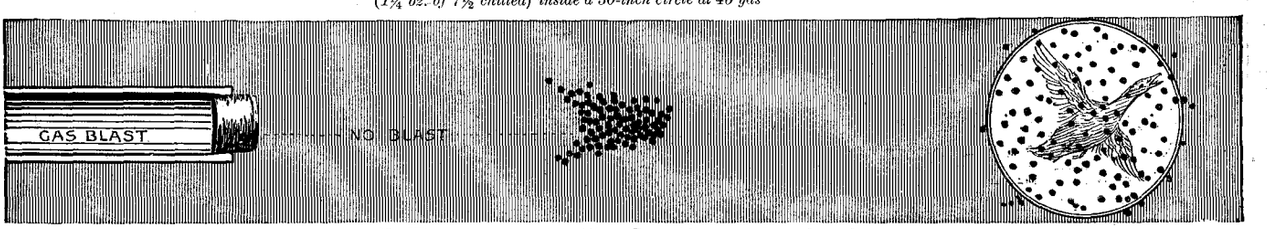


Effect of hard wadding that fits the barrel loosely. Unchecked by friction or muzzle choke it is blown through the shot cluster scattering the shot charge. Actual test target 221 pellets out of 431 or 51% of the shot charge (1¼ oz. of 7½ chilled) inside a 30-inch circle at 40 yds



Effect of weak wadding torn to shreds by the gas blast. The separate pieces are blown into the shot cluster, scattering the pellets in all directions. With no resistance to the explosion, the pressure is low and penetration poor. Actual test target 178 pellets out of 431 or 41% of the shot charge (1¼ oz. of 7½ chilled) inside a 30-inch circle at 40 yds



The Winchester system of wadding. The wadding expands evenly, sealing in the gas blast all the way to the muzzle, where the wadding is checked by the "choke" or constriction. The shot cluster travels on ahead unbroken. Actual test target 320 pellets out of 431 or 74% of the shot charge (1¼ oz. of 7½ chilled) inside a 30-inch circle at 40 yds

Effect of wadding construction on shot patterns

Poor wadding responsible for more faulty patterns and lost birds than all other gun and shell troubles combined

A strong uniform shot pattern depends upon how perfectly the *wadding* in your shells controls the five ton gas blast behind it.

The wadding, like the piston head of a gas engine, must give the explosion something solid to work against so that the shot may be *pushed* out evenly.

It must expand and fill the tube of the barrel, completely sealing in the gas behind it. No gas must escape to scatter the shot.

It must offer just the right amount of resistance so as to develop uniform pressure and high velocity without danger of jamming the pellets out of shape at the "choke" or muzzle constriction.

The illustrations at the top of this page show actual test patterns as high as 59% faulty, the result of poor wadding.

The Winchester system

Winchester Wadding is the result of repeated experiments to determine the most efficient control of the gas blast.

The special construction of the *Base Wad* gives what is known as *Progressive Combustion* to the powder charge.

Combustion spreads instantly through the powder charge. By the time the top grains of powder become ignited the *full* energy of the burning powder behind is at work. Though the explosion is almost instantaneous, it is none the less *Progressive*, the final energy and maximum *velocity* of the completely burned powder being developed at the *muzzle*, where it is most needed.

Meanwhile, under the heat of combustion, the tough, springy Winchester *Driving Wad* has expanded to fill the barrel snugly all around. No gas escapes. It is completely sealed in. The wadding *pushes* up the shot evenly.

At the muzzle the shot pellets slip out without jamming, while the wadding is checked for a brief interval by the constriction of the muzzle. *It follows some distance behind the shot pattern.*

The shot cluster travels on unbroken by gas blast or wadding and makes the hard hitting, uniform pattern for which Winchester shot shells are world famous.

Fish Tail Flash. All Winchester smokeless shells are made with the new Winchester Primer—the quickest and most powerful shot shell primer made. Its broad *fish tail* flash gives even and thorough ignition. Every grain of powder is completely burned up before the shot charge leaves the muzzle.

The Crimp. The required degree of pressure necessary in seating the driving wads is worked out in combination with the *hardness* or the *softness* of the *crimping* required for any particular shell.

Water-proofing and Lubrication. In the cold damp air of the marshes, or under the blazing sun at the traps, Winchester shells will always play true. Winchester water-proofing process prevents them from swelling from dampness. Special lubrication of the paper fibres prevents brittleness and "splitting" in dry weather.

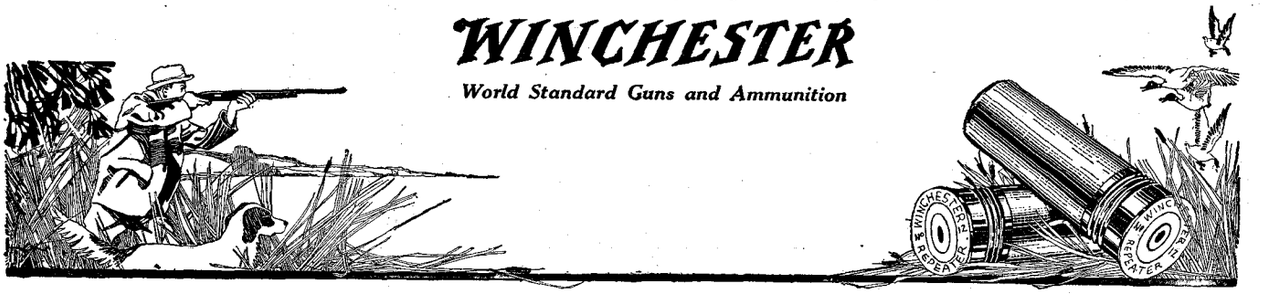
Uniform Shells. From primer to crimp, Winchester shells are constructed to insure the maximum pattern possible from any load and under all conditions. $100,000 is spent annually in the inspection and testing of finished shot shells. 25,000,000 rounds of ammunition are fired every year in testing guns and ammunition.

Clean hits and more of them

To insure more hits and cleaner hits in the field or at the traps, be sure your shells are Winchester Leader and Repeater for Smokeless; Nublack and New Rival for Black Powder. Write for our Free Booklet on Shells. **Winchester Repeating Arms Co., Dept. 571, New Haven, Conn., U. S. A.**

WINCHESTER

World Standard Guns and Ammunition



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THE TRIBUNE TAKES

this means of reaching other than its own readers with a story that has been refused at advertising rates by the New York newspapers and billboards. This is the story.

IN the course of a campaign against seditious and disloyal publications, undertaken at the urgent request of the Government, The Tribune exposed the disloyalism of the Hearst newspapers in a series of articles entitled, "Coiled in the Flag-Hears-s-s-t."

WHILE The Tribune was engaged in this work the newsdealers of Greater New York declared war on the Hearst newspapers, for economic and patriotic reasons. All the members of the New York Publishers' Association, except The Tribune, resolved to treat this action on the part of the newsdealers as an illegal boycott, and agreed to support Hearst by refusing to sell their papers to any dealer who stopped buying the Hearst papers. This was to say that a newsdealer who for any reason refused to handle Hearst's American or Journal, or who reduced his daily orders for them, could buy no other morning or evening newspaper. The Publishers' Association was afraid that if the newsdealers could overthrow the influence of Hearst they would be strong enough to demand a general reduction in the price of papers.

IN view of its fight against the Hearst newspapers which had led to their being denounced by the National Security League and barred from many communities for patriotic reasons, The Tribune could not stand with Hearst commercially. The Tribune, therefore, acting alone, announced that it would sell to all newsdealers alike, without discrimination, whether they handled Hearst newspapers or not.

THEREUPON the Publishers' Association, representing (besides the Hearst newspapers) The World, The Times, The Sun, The Herald, The Staats-Zeitung, The Evening Sun, The Evening World, The Evening Telegram, The Mail, The Globe and The Post, decreed that the circulation of The Tribune should be restrained.

IT notified the American News Company not to deliver The Tribune to anti-Hearst newsdealers. The American News Company is a monopoly and absolutely controls the distribution of morning newspapers in New York. Acting on orders from the Publishers' Association, it refused to deliver The Tribune to newsdealers who either cancelled or reduced their orders for the Hearst newspapers.

AT this point The Tribune was expected to choose between sacrificing its anti-Hearst policy or losing control of its circulation. The Tribune chose instead to fight it out. The first step was to meet the newsdealers' economic problem by reducing the price of papers from $1.40 to $1.20 per hundred. When this was announced The American News Company refused to deliver The Tribune at all to any newsdealer, except at the old price of $1.40 per hundred. Having attempted by its monopolistic power to dictate to whom The Tribune should be sold, this organization proposed now to say at what price it should be sold.

THE TRIBUNE then proceeded to organize its own delivery system, a thing so difficult and costly to do that no New York morning newspaper has ever tried it under conditions now existing.

MEANWHILE Hearst has invoked the aid of the city administration, through Mayor Hylan, whom the Hearst papers pretend to have elected to office. Licenses of the anti-Hearst dealers have been revoked. There have been injunction proceedings in the courts and incipient riots in the streets, all of which the New York newspapers have steadily ignored in their news columns. The newsdealers are soliciting popular contributions to a defense fund. Checks should be sent to Lemuel Ely Quigg, their counsel, at 32 Liberty Street, New York.

THE Tribune has retained Lindley M. Garrison, former Secretary of War, as special counsel to seek the legal redress to which it may be entitled.

NOTE—*Owing to the scarcity of print paper and the rules of conservation now being observed, it is impossible for The Tribune to exceed its paid circulation—otherwise it would undertake to give this story unlimited circulation in New York from its own presses. The same condition as to paper limits the distribution of pamphlets. Therefore, those who are with us in this fight are requested to give this page further circulation. Cut it out and mail it to your friends and ask them to remail it to others.*

New York Tribune

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THE NEW BOOKS

This Department will include descriptive notes, with or without brief comments, about books received by The Outlook. Many of the important books will have more extended and critical treatment later.

FICTION

Daughter of the Land (A). By Gene Stratton-Porter. Doubleday, Page & Co., Garden City. $1.40.

Mrs. Stratton-Porter's new book is rightly described as "a story of American grit." Kate Bates fights her way against a father who thinks that a younger daughter's duty is to scrub and drudge so that the boys may have land and opportunities. Kate defies him, runs away, becomes a teacher, and emphatically paddles her own canoe. For a long time she develops the fighting power at the expense of feeling, but in the end she gets a broader view of life and helpfulness. There is more reality and terse writing and less exuberant sentiment in this story than in some of the writer's earlier books.

Our Admirable Betty. By Jeffery Farnol. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. $1.60.

A joyous romance of England in the eighteenth century, with villains, duels, highwaymen, fashionable gallants, the devotion of an honest but unfashionable soldier to the charming and wilful Betty, and a course of true love which runs far from smoothly but ends happily.

Virtuous Wives. By Owen Johnson. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. $1.50.

The deadening and dangerous effect of a life of constant social excitement and fashionable emulation on wifely ideals and character is depicted closely and, no doubt, accurately. The moral is evident, but one feels that there is unnecessary elaboration of the unwholesome phase described.

Zeppelin's Passenger (The). By E. P. Oppenheim. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. $1.50.

A German spy, dropped into a quiet English town from a Zeppelin, practically blackmails the sister and fiancée of an English prisoner in a German camp into treating him with something more than tolerance in order that he may secure the prisoner's release. One must not take a plot-story too seriously, but both the ladies and the author are far too lenient to this detestable person.

HISTORY, POLITICAL ECONOMY, AND POLITICS

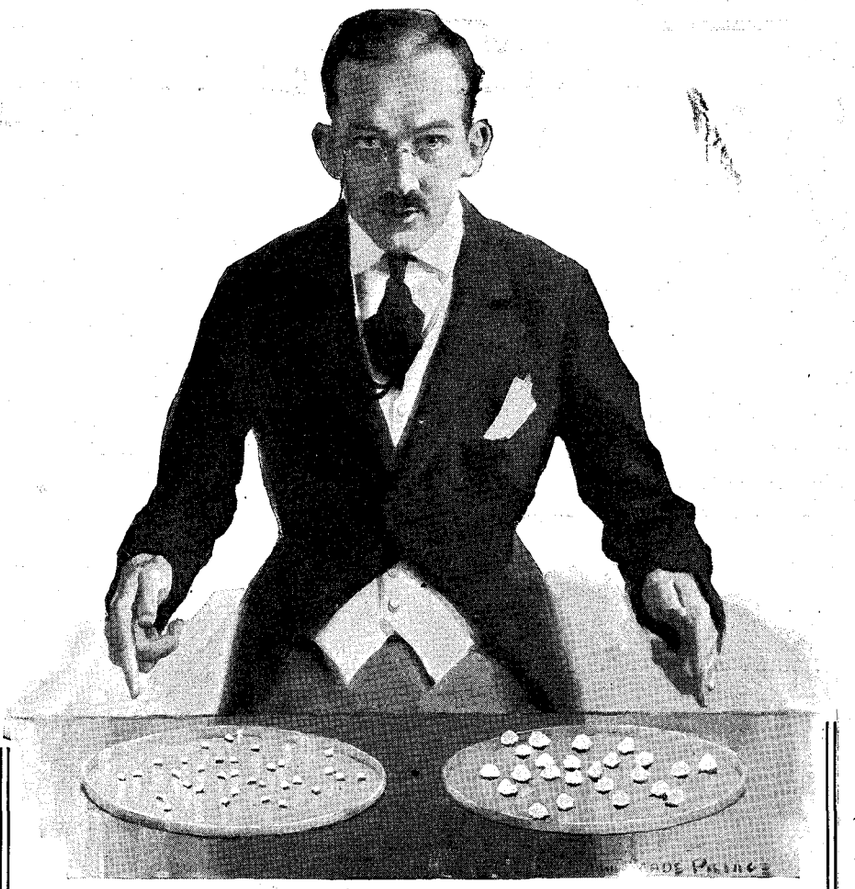
Ireland. A Study in Nationalism. By Francis Hackett. B. W. Huebsch, New York. $2.

Open-minded Americans will find this book by a clever Irishman, one of the editors of the "New Republic," persuasive and illuminating; even those whose minds are made up as to the merits of the Irish problem will find much new information presented; and the average reader will be attracted by the style, which is brilliant to a fault in a serious historical discussion, and sometimes leaves the reader, as in the case of the writings of another clever Irishman, Bernard Shaw, in doubt as to just where the author himself stands.

WAR BOOKS

Reporter at Armageddon (A). By Will Irwin. D. Appleton & Co., New York. $1.50.

The author as a war correspondent is among the best and best known of American writers. His opportunities have been unusual. He writes of affairs in France, Switzerland, and Italy, of warfare on sea and on land, and always he has a hearty sympathy with the peoples of the countries and places visited and with the war effort of the Allies. There are innumerable touches of human nature and human experience as well as of humor. The articles in their present collected form deserve and will obtain a wide reading.



The Pellets *The Bubbles*

Tiny Pellets

of Corn Hearts are Steam Exploded— Puffed to Bubbles, Raindrop Size— To Make Corn Puffs

There are toasted corn bubbles—called Corn Puffs—which form the finest of the Puffed Grains, some folks think.

They are airy, flimsy, drop-size globules, with a multiplied toasted corn flavor.

Sweet pellets of hominy are sealed in huge guns, then subjected to fearful heat. Then exploded to eight times former size.

The object is to blast every food cell, to make digestion easy. But the result is also a food confection—the most delightful product ever made from corn.

For the War-Time Milk Dish

Countless children nowadays get Corn Puffs in their bowls of milk.

They are thin, crisp, flavory morsels, light as air. And never was a corn food so fitted to digest.

Between meals children eat them dry, lightly doused with melted butter.

Keep Corn Puffs with your other Puffed Grains. It's a winsome, wheat-conserving dainty. And, like all Puffed Grains, the blasted food cells make it hygienic food.

Corn Puffs **Puffed Rice** **Puffed Wheat**

All Bubble Grains

Each 15c. *Except in Far West*

The Quaker Oats Company

Sole Makers

(1988)

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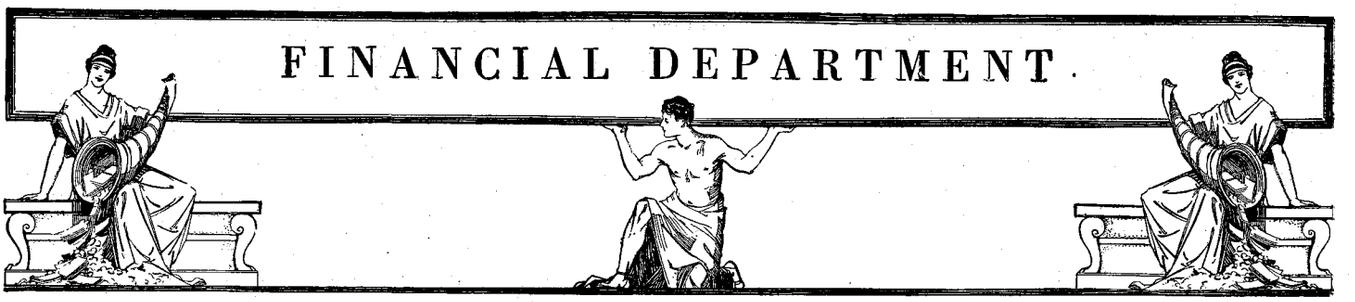

All legitimate questions from Outlook readers about investment securities will be answered either by personal letter or in these pages. The Outlook cannot, of course, undertake to guarantee against loss resulting from any specific investment. Therefore it will not *advise* the purchase of any specific security. But it will give to inquirers facts of record or information resulting from expert investigation, leaving the responsibility for final decision to the investor. And it will admit to its pages only those financial advertisements which after thorough expert scrutiny are believed to be worthy of confidence. All letters of inquiry regarding investment securities should be addressed to

THE OUTLOOK FINANCIAL DEPARTMENT, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York

A Personal Appeal

Buy Liberty Bonds— Buy to Your Utmost

The duty of every American citizen is plain — as plain as the duty of every American soldier.

The soldier's duty is to fight for Liberty.
The citizen's duty is to *lend* for Liberty.

But the time has gone by for merely "doing one's bit". We must do our *all*, if the war is to be won. No true patriot can be content with a subscription to the Fourth Liberty Loan that is less than the limit he can afford.

Buy Liberty Bonds and buy to your utmost! The loan is larger than before—the effort must be greater than before—the obligation on each and every one of us is greater. If you bought one bond in previous Loans, buy two. If you bought ten, buy twenty now.

Back up our boys in France with a smashing oversubscription of the Fourth Liberty Loan—an oversubscription that will wake the echoes in Berlin.

Every dollar you subscribe goes to arm and equip and protect our boys in France—to save the lives of those inestimably dear—to bring them home safely.

Let your subscription measure up to your patriotism! Buy Liberty Bonds and buy to the utmost!

S. W. Straus President

S. W. STRAUS & CO.

Established 1882 — Incorporated

NEW YORK, 150 Broadway
CHICAGO, Straus Building
DETROIT, Penobscot Bldg.
MINNEAPOLIS, Loeb Arcade Bldg.
SAN FRANCISCO, Crocker Bldg.
PHILADELPHIA, Stock Exchange Bldg.

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WAR LOANS

WHEN the magnitude of this war first bore itself in upon our consciousness, the almost universal opinion was that it must come to a speedy close, if for no other reason than the prohibitive cost. As each season rolled around it seemed as if the limit of the belligerent nations' ability to finance themselves had been reached; but they continued to float successfully larger and larger loans until the total, as recently estimated, has reached the neighborhood of seventy billions of dollars. This figure is exclusive of some three-quarters of a billion borrowed by Switzerland, Holland, and Spain, principally for mobilization expenses, and covers only the internal loans of the various countries.

As might be supposed, Germany, Austria, and Hungary head the list with approximately twenty-nine billions, while Great Britain and her colonies take second place with a little over fifteen billions, and the United States third with $10,220,990,560. France and Russia have each raised in this way over six billions, and Italy about two and one-half billions.

Great Britain has brought out the largest single war loan to date, that of February, 1917, for $4,811,000,000; but the United States is about to overshadow this total with an offering of six billions for subscription. These two countries are alone in instituting intensive campaigns for the purpose of distributing loans among numerous small investors. This method has been highly successful, and follows sound financial lines, for the burden is thus lifted from the banks, enabling them to loan to individuals on war bonds as collateral, instead of purchasing for their own account. These loans are callable in whole or in part, which makes for the ultimate liquidation of the obligation out of income, and to that extent is conducive to saving. A stronger economic position results.

Although our Liberty loans have increased from two to three and four billions, each one in itself a record, with seeming ease, the task upon which we embark on September 28 is little short of colossal. For its successful culmination the co-operation of every one will be needed. It is incumbent upon us to buy all we can with cash and with the use of our individual credit, afterward seeing that the obligations thus incurred are liquidated by the results of small self-denials, which will appear as nothing when considered in the light of contributions, however small, to the cause of civilization.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Q. I have about $3,700 to invest. Do you consider the following issues first class and conservative?

Chicago, Milwaukee, and St. Paul general and refunding mortgage 4½ per cent bonds.

Seaboard Air Line first and consolidated 6 per cent bonds.

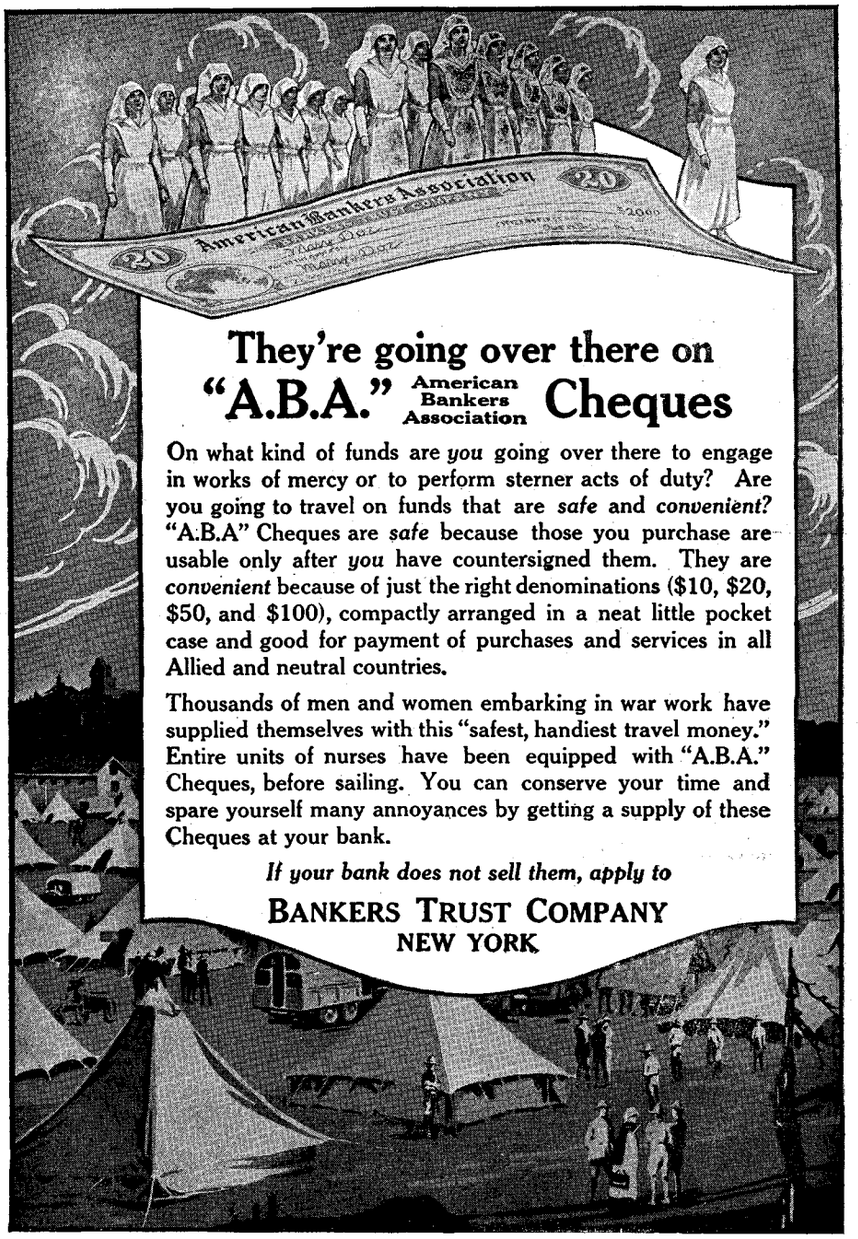
Central Argentine Railway 6 per cent convertible gold notes.

Pere Marquette Railway first mortgage series "B" 4 per cent gold bonds.

Can you suggest any others?

A. All the bonds which you mention are, in our judgment, safe and conservative and suitable for the general requirements of the individual investor.

You are without question using good judgment in selecting for the most part long-term investments. Simply as a matter of diversification, it might be worth your while to consider investing a part of your funds in some of the short-time industrial issues, offered, as you probably know, at



They're going over there on
"A.B.A." American Bankers Association Cheques

On what kind of funds are *you* going over there to engage in works of mercy or to perform sterner acts of duty? Are you going to travel on funds that are *safe* and *convenient*? "A.B.A" Cheques are *safe* because those you purchase are usable only after *you* have countersigned them. They are *convenient* because of just the right denominations ($10, $20, $50, and $100), compactly arranged in a neat little pocket case and good for payment of purchases and services in all Allied and neutral countries.

Thousands of men and women embarking in war work have supplied themselves with this "safest, handiest travel money." Entire units of nurses have been equipped with "A.B.A." Cheques, before sailing. You can conserve your time and spare yourself many annoyances by getting a supply of these Cheques at your bank.

If your bank does not sell them, apply to

BANKERS TRUST COMPANY
NEW YORK

NOT ONE DOLLAR LOST
ON A
DANFORTH FARM MORTGAGE
IN SIXTY YEARS

No Investor has ever foreclosed a Mortgage, taken a foot of land or lost a dollar on a Danforth Farm Mortgage. For further information regarding our Farm Loans and Bonds write for Booklet and Investors' List No. 58.

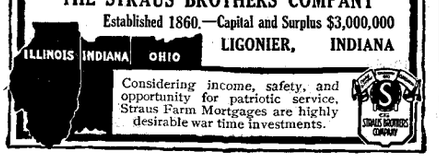
A·G·Danforth·&·Co
BANKERS Founded A.D. 1858
WASHINGTON - ILLINOIS

THE MONEY THAT YOU INVEST
IN STRAUS FARM MORTGAGES

is in practically every instance used for improvements to increase farm production and contribute more to winning the war. Safety is assured by exceptional security—improved, productive farms in only best sections of three of richest agricultural States, Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois; by legal guarantee of principal and interest at 6%; and by record of nearly sixty years without loss.

Write for Special Bulletin and Booklet O-9.

THE STRAUS BROTHERS COMPANY
Established 1860.—Capital and Surplus $3,000,000
LIGONIER, INDIANA



Considering income, safety, and opportunity for patriotic service, Straus Farm Mortgages are highly desirable war time investments.

IOWA
SECURITIES
On Part Payment Plan

Denomination
$100 — $500 — $1000

We have issued two books of unusual interest to those who are seeking investments that combine

Certainty of Income
Safety of Principal
Ease of Marketability

Ask for *Iowa Investments No. 1526* and *A Safe way to Save No. 1526* and learn how easy it is to own an Iowa Municipal Bond, Iowa First Farm Mortgage or Iowa First Farm Mortgage Bond.

Bankers Mortgage Company
Capital $2,000,000
Des Moines Iowa

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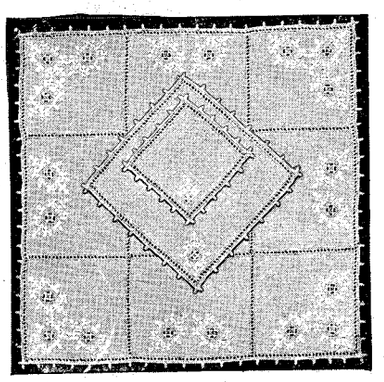
McCutcheon's

Fancy Table Linens



Italian Needlepoint on Cream Handwoven Linen. Set of twenty-five pieces consisting of 20-inch Centerpiece and two sizes of plate Doilies

$48.50

From France, Italy, Ireland, Spain, Madeira and Fayal Islands, also India, China and Japan, we have collected an assortment of Fancy Linens, distinctive in character and many of which are moderate in price.

Luncheon Sets—round, square, oval and oblong in many styles of Embroidery and Lace. Twenty-five pieces to a set. $10.50 to 175.00 per set.

Mosaic and Italian Cut-work Tea Cloths. One to one and a half yards square. $7.50 to 55.00.

Tea Napkins—plain and fancy in a large and attractive variety. $5.00 to 67.50 per dozen.

Lace Luncheon and Dinner Cloths in a number of exquisite designs. These Cloths are made in round and oblong shapes. $57.50 to 350.00.

Scarfs of every size and description. Lace-trimmed, Embroidered, Italian Needlepoint, Mosaic, Sicilian, etc., from $2.00 to 150.00 each.

Tray Cloths—oval and oblong, in many styles of Embroidery and Lace.

Estimates and drawings submitted for the embroidering of monograms, crests, etc. Linens to be embroidered for the Holidays should be ordered now.

Our illustrated Fall and Winter Catalogue showing many other attractive Household Linens mailed gladly on request.

James McCutcheon & Co.
Fifth Avenue, 34th & 33d Sts., N. Y.

Reg. Trade-Mark

Your Wants in every line of household, educational, business, or personal service—domestic workers, teachers, nurses, business or professional assistants, etc., etc.—whether you require help or are seeking a situation, may be filled through a little announcement in the classified columns of The Outlook. If you have some article to sell or exchange, these columns may prove of real value to you as they have to many others. Send for descriptive circular and order blank AND FILL YOUR WANTS. Address

Department of Classified Advertising, THE OUTLOOK, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York

FIRST FARM MORTGAGES

More Food, More Farm Loans
Behind the lines, American farms are the food factories of the world. Loan your dollars to lubricate the "wheels" of Agriculture. An investment in our Farm Mortgages and Real Estate Bonds is patriotic, profitable, and safe. Write today for Pamphlet "S" and current offerings. Amounts to suit. **E. J. Lander & Co., Grand Forks, N. D.** *Capital and Surplus $500,000*

7%

BONDS ISSUED BY CITIES OF CALIFORNIA
For the Improvement of Streets
Write for Circular O-8 and Prices
OAKLAND STREET IMPROVEMENT BOND CO.
HALL & JENNISON, Oakland, Calif.

Questions and Answers (Continued)

prices to yield from 7 to 7¾ per cent. We refer particularly to Bethlehem Steel 7s, Armour 6s, Proctor & Gamble 7s, Amalgamated Sugar 7s, Duquesne Light 6s, and American Cotton Oil 7s.

Q. Please answer in The Outlook: Do you consider Cities Service Preferred a good buy at present price? How do you consider the stock as to intrinsic value?

A. We consider Cities Service Preferred one of the best of the public utility preferred stocks. The dividend is now being earned four times over.

Whether the stock is a good buy at the present price is a question which depends very largely on the attitude of the Government towards public utilities, the attitude of the public and the State utility commissions, as well as on all the innumerable factors related to the world of finance present and future.

As an investment, we consider this stock a good purchase at the present price.

Q. Will you kindly tell me what you know and think of American Telephone seven-year 6s as a safe and sound purchase at present prices—about 94, I am told.

A. The American Telephone and Telegraph Company seven-year 6 per cent bonds are, in our judgment, a safe and conservative investment as well as an attractive purchase at the issue price, 94 and interest.

The convertible privilege adds an attractive speculative feature to the bonds. The terms of convertibility give the holder an option on the stock of this company at 106 per cent between 1920 and 1925.

Q. Do you regard Bethlehem Steel 8 per cent preferred as safe as American Locomotive or Pressed Steel Car?

I have some investments in the latter two and had in mind to try the former, if not thought by my business friends to be risky. I should be greatly obliged to you for an opinion.

A. We regard Bethlehem Steel 8 per cent preferred as being practically assured of the continuance of the present dividend. The company is in strong financial condition and is carrying on work which is indispensable to the prosecution of the war. The management is pursuing a conservative and foresighted policy looking toward the continuance of the company's prosperity after the war is over. To our mind, Bethlehem Steel 8 per cent preferred deserves a higher rating than American Locomotive preferred or Pressed Steel Car preferred.

Q. In a recent issue you spoke of the International Paper Company stock as desirable at this time. Do you consider it safe enough for a person of moderate means?

A. We did not intend, in mentioning International Paper Company preferred, to imply that we considered it an entirely conservative investment for a person in your circumstances. Whether one of moderate means ought to buy such a stock depends upon whether he can afford to take some risk, and whether he would suffer materially if the dividends were to be discontinued.

If you will examine carefully the article in which you saw the stock mentioned, you will find that we were comparing it with some very low-grade bonds which, after all, although they are called "bonds," are not by reason of that fact entirely safe from an investment standpoint.

In our opinion there can be little question about the continuance of the present dividend of 6 per cent on the preferred stock of the International Paper Company, this in spite of the fact that recent earnings have not come up to expectations.

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THE LORD'S INTENTIONS

I was struck with the incident related by John Van Ess of a visit by an American to a school up the Tigris, where he found the teacher instructing the scholars something about the New World. The teacher requested the American to tell them something about his home land. The American, pointing on the map to the Isthmus of Panama, told of the project of uniting two continents; after which the teacher stepped forward and said: "This teaches us how we are privileged to live in a land where Allah is known and feared. Over there they purpose to cross Allah's path by making water to flow where he made land."

How like an incident which happened right here in Maryland! I was born and raised in western Maryland, where the Dunkards are largely dominant as farmers. These Dunkards are opposed to war, do not go to law, and accept the Bible literally. When the project of building the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal was started, there was little trouble in securing the right of way until the committee struck the Dunkard settlement in Washington County, Maryland. Those old, bearded men (they never shave) were obstinate; "If the Lord intended water to be there, he would have put it there." Long months were spent in trying to bring these simple-minded people around to appreciate the value to their land and the commercial value of the enterprise. Finally, in one last effort, the committee called a meeting of the landowners, when urgent appeals were made to agree to the right of way. One after another met the appeal by saying, "If the Lord intended water to be there, he would have put it there." The case was almost hopeless, when finally one old, long-bearded elder rose and said, "And Isaac's servants dig-ged a well," and sat down. That was a knockout for the literalists. The right of way was granted and the canal was "dig-ged."

JOHN R. KING.

Baltimore, Maryland.

A WAR INCIDENT

The writer, a young lieutenant in the United States Air Service, after being commissioned and sent abroad, was given special training in England as a "fighting scout" and assigned for active service to a squadron of the Royal Air Force on the French sector of the front. He has been entirely in English camps and with English associates. Previous letters told of flights into Germany escorting bombing planes, but this, written to his mother, relates an unusual incident, one of the many that are combining to build a bridge of brotherhood between the nations:

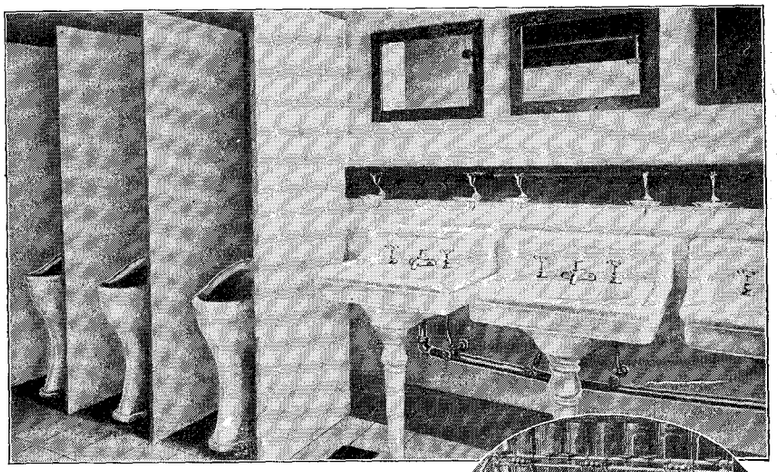
"You will remember that I took my violin with me when I left home. I have kept it in my trunk, where it is safe and sound, and I think I have had it out only three times. You know I believe there are but very few times when one cannot be happy, or at least contented with one's lot if one can make up his mind to it and look at the cheerful side of things, for, as the old saying goes, 'There is a silver lining to every cloud,' if one will but see it. Sometimes it takes a lot of hunting to find it.

"At such a time I have played my violin to myself and found comfort in running over the old, sweet airs, many of which I can remember. The last time I did it was at this camp and not very long ago. Darkness was just coming on as I started to put away my violin, when my door opened slowly and I made out a figure hesitating on the threshold. It proved to be one of the mechanics, and as he grasped my hand he begged me, with considerable feeling in his voice, not to be angry with him for presuming to speak to an officer and interrupt him. He said he had been passing outside when he heard the notes of a violin and the old songs of his boyhood days. He rambled on and on, telling me of his old home in Wales, the people he used to know, and about his father and mother. He used to work the bellows of the church organ, and so had acquired an ear for music. Some famous violinist once played in the village and made a deep impression on him.

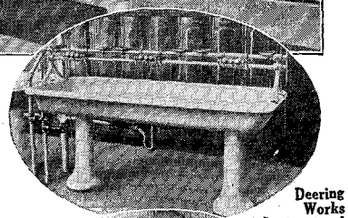
"He said he knew my name was ——, though I never remember having seen him before, and that it was an old Welsh name. He wished that I could visit his home town, and assured me of a warm welcome if I would come after the war. He said he was going to write home to-morrow about the American who could make a fiddle talk and sing. 'God Save the King' had especially impressed him, but I had been thinking of 'America' when I played those notes. Then he suddenly became self-conscious and embarrassed, and backed out of the door, bowing and begging forgiveness for the interruption.

"It was a strange occurrence. His deference to me as an officer was because in the English army there is a wide difference between an enlisted man and a commissioned officer. The gap is great, not only because of rank, but also of class distinction, and before the war was very much greater than at present."

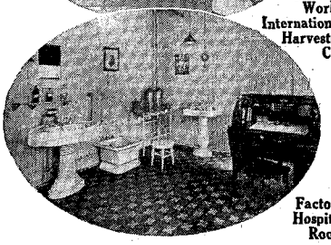
B.



National Electric Lamp Co., Cleveland, O.



Deering Works International Harvester Co.



Factory Hospital Room

Cleanliness Sets the Pace for Efficiency

CLEAN, modern and sanitary factory conditions should begin at the washrooms. Enthusiasm, good will, greater productivity, lower operating cost, increased profits result when the standard of modern equipment throughout the factory is on a par with

"Standard" Plumbing Fixtures

The good health of your employes, mental as well as physical, is as important to your plant as the "tuned-up" running order of your machinery. In the washrooms of huge plants and offices in almost every field of manufacture and business, Sanitary Plumbing Fixtures are demonstrating this daily. The same applies to the housing conditions surrounding employes.

Our book, "Factory Sanitation," will give you a very comprehensive idea of modern plumbing equipment for factories. One of our service men will be glad to give you some very definite information and to help with the preliminary plans for your equipment. Write for the book and send for a service man. See "Standard" Fixtures at any of the showrooms in the list below.

Standard Sanitary Mfg. Co.

Makers of "Standard" Plumbing Fixtures

Pittsburgh

NEW YORK ..... 35 W. 31ST	CINCINNATI ..... 633 WALNUT	NASHVILLE..... 315 TENTH AVE. S.
NEW YORK (EX. DEPT.) .... 50 BROAD	TOLEDO ..... 311-321 ERIE	NEW ORLEANS..... 846 BARONNE
BOSTON..... 186 DEVONSHIRE	COLUMBUS ..... 243-255 S. THIRD	HOUSTON..... PRESTON & SMITH
PHILADELPHIA ..... 1215 WALNUT	CANTON ..... 1106 SECOND ST. N.E.	DALLAS..... 1200-1206 JACKSON
WASHINGTON..... SOUTHERN BLDG.	YOUNGSTOWN ..... 458 W. FEDERAL	SAN ANTONIO..... 212 LOSOYA
PITTSBURGH..... 439-449 WATER	WHEELING ..... 3120-30 JACOB	FT. WORTH..... 828-830 MONROE
PITTSBURGH..... 106 SIXTH	ERIE ..... 128 W. TWELFTH	KANSAS CITY ..... RIDGE ARCADE
CHICAGO..... 14-30 N. PEORIA	ALTOONA. 918 11TH	TORONTO, CAN ..... 59 E. RICHMOND
ST. LOUIS..... 810 N. SECOND	MILWAUKEE..... 95 W. WATER ST.	HAMILTON, CAN..... 20 W. JACKSON
E. ST. LOUIS..15 COLLINSVILLE AVE.	SAN FRANCISCO... 149-55 BLUXOME	DETROIT OFFICE... HAMMOND BLDG.
CLEVELAND ..... 4409 EUCLID	LOS ANGELES ..... 671 MESQUIT	CHICAGO OFFICE..... KARPEN BLDG.
	LOUISVILLE..... 319 W. MAIN	

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"Want" advertisements, under the various headings, "Board and Rooms," "Help Wanted," etc., ten cents for each word or initial, **including the address, for each insertion.** The first word of each "Want" advertisement is set in capital letters without additional charge. Other words may be set in capitals, if desired, at double rates. If answers are to be addressed in care of The Outlook, **twenty-five cents** is charged for the box number named in the advertisement. Replies will be forwarded by us to the advertiser and bill for postage rendered. Special headings appropriate to the department may be arranged for on application.

Orders and copy for Classified Advertisements must be received with remittance ten days before the date of issue when it is intended the advertisement shall first appear.

Address: ADVERTISING DEPARTMENT, THE OUTLOOK, 381 FOURTH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY

Hotels and Resorts

CONNECTICUT

The Wayside Inn
New Milford, Litchfield Co., Conn.
In the foothills of the Berkshires. Open all the year. An ideal place for your summer's rest. 2 hours from New York. Write for booklet.
Mrs. J. E. CASTLE, Proprietor.

MASSACHUSETTS

If You Are Tired or Not Feeling Well
you cannot find a more comfortable place in New England than
THE WELDON HOTEL
GREENFIELD, MASS.
It affords all the comforts of home without extravagance.

NEW YORK

GOLDTHWAITE INN and COTTAGES, on GREAT SOUTH BAY, BELLPORT, L. I. Lloyd Cottage open all year. Ideal weather on Long Island September, October, and November. Golf, tennis, sailing, bathing, motoring.

Philipse Manor Inn
Directly on the Hudson River, at Philipse Manor, North Tarrytown
View unsurpassed—autumn most attractive season of all. Motoring, tramping—easy commuting. Fall and winter rates by day or week.
Telephone, Tarrytown 176.

NEW YORK CITY

Hotel Le Marquis
31st Street & Fifth Avenue
New York
Combines every convenience and home comfort, and commends itself to people of refinement wishing to live on American Plan and be within easy reach of social and dramatic centers.
Room and bath $4.50 per day with meals, or $2.50 per day without meals.
Illustrated Booklet gladly sent upon request. JOHN P. TOLSON.

STOP AT
HOTEL BOSSERT
on aristocratic Brooklyn Heights
and enjoy the advantages of
THE MARINE ROOF
the most famous roof in America. Dine 300 feet in the air, with a panographic view of New York Harbor stretching before you for a distance of 10 miles. Dancing if you like.
Write for booklet B.
Montague, Hicks, and Remsen Streets, Brooklyn

Hotels and Resorts

NEW YORK CITY

The Margaret Louisa
of the Y. W. C. A.
14 East 16th St., New York
A homelike hotel for self-supporting women. Single rooms $1.00 per night. Double rooms (2 beds) $1.40 per night. Restaurant open to all women. Send for circular.

HOTEL JUDSON 53 Washington Square
adjoining Judson Memorial Church. Rooms with and without bath. Rates $2.50 per day, including meals. Special rates for two weeks or more. Location very central. Convenient to all elevated and street car lines.

SOUTH CAROLINA

PINE RIDGE CAMP AIKEN, S. C.
Ideal for outdoor life in winter. Main house and individual cabins. Certified city water. Northern cooking. Rates moderate. Write Miss GEORGIA E. CROCKER or Miss MARY E. SANBORN, Aiken, S. C.

WISCONSIN

The Pennoyer *Established 1857*
Kenosha, Wisconsin
Finest Health Resort and Sanitarium on Lake Mich., in 100-acre park. Moderate rates. Booklet

Health Resorts

LINDEN The Ideal Place for Sick People to Get Well
Doylestown, Pa. An institution devoted to the personal study and specialized treatment of the invalid. Massage, Electricity, Hydrotherapy. Apply for circular to ROBERT LIPPINCOTT WALTER, M.D. (late of The Walter Sanitarium)

Crest View Sanatorium
Greenwich, Ct. First-class in all respects, home comforts. H. M. HITCHCOCK, M.D.

Dr. Reeves' Sanitarium
A Private Home for chronic, nervous, and mental patients. Also elderly people requiring care. Harriet E. Reeves, M.D., Melrose, Mass.

"INTERPINES"
Beautiful, quiet, restful and homelike. Over 26 years of successful work. Thorough, reliable, dependable and ethical. Every comfort and convenience. Accommodations of superior quality. Disorder of the nervous system a specialty. Fred. W. Seward, Sr., M.D., Fred. W. Seward, Jr., M.D., Goshen, N. Y.

Real Estate

CONNECTICUT

FOR SALE—64 ACRES
Some cultivating; has new four-room bungalow, veranda on front and side; barn with seven stanchions, two hen-houses; all buildings new. Spring water; 800 feet elevation; attractive view. 5 minutes' walk from Woodbury trolley. Price $2,700, $1,400 cash.
J. J. CASSIDY, Woodbury, Conn.

FLORIDA

FOR RENT OR SALE
Avoid your coal bill! 2 completely furnished modern cottages (3 and 4 rooms), $600 (or $500—$150 each). Near Rockledge. Month free if secured before November.
Blair, Cocoa, Florida. Box 32.

NEW YORK

FOR SALE
CAMP GAHADA, an established Camp for Boys
Adirondack Mts. near Corinth, N. Y. Large, fully equipped lodge, gravity spring water system, tennis courts, etc. Address L. DeWitt Efner, 107 Brandywine Ave., Schenectady, N.Y.

SOUTH CAROLINA

FOR SALE—Charleston, S. C., leading South Atlantic port and winter tourist resort, large, handsome modern residence, furnace heated, on Charleston's fashionable boulevard, fronting on beautiful Ashley River. Most desirable Southern winter home. Susan P. Frost, 9 Broad St., Charleston, S. C.

TENNESSEE

MOUNTAIN HOME
FOR SALE—in East Tennessee
Home of retired physician, 80 acres, covering mountain top overlooking town and river; 1,500 feet above sea level. Ideal climate all the year round. Well planted to fruit and flowers; 2 barns, hennery, gardens and farm land. Good mountain road available for small cars. Comfortable house with large living-room, big fireplace, hot-water heat, telephone, electric lights, electric pump, modern plumbing. Wood on place. Address
JOHN A. ROCKWELL, Box 222, Harriman, Tenn.

HELP WANTED

Business Situations

EXECUTIVE woman for responsible position in large New England lunch room. Please give age, business or teaching experience and salary desired. 6,266, Outlook.

WANTED—Young lady stenographer and Spanish translator by established house. Permanent position. 6,260, Outlook.

Companions and Domestic Helpers

WANTED—Refined, middle-aged woman as housekeeper-cook. Twenty-four hours off weekly. Good salary. Write Mrs. Foote, Walnut St., Englewood, N. J.

HELP WANTED

Companions and Domestic Helpers

WANTED—Mother's helper, two children. Pennsylvania farm. 6,231, Outlook.

MOTHER'S helper for children 6 and 4 and baby 6 months. Ability to speak French desired, but not necessary. Good home and summer in the country. Write fully as to experience, salary, giving references. 6,258, Outlook.

WANTED—Nurse for two children 7 and 5 years old. References. Address Mrs. Walter Olcott, care James W. Cheney, South Manchester, Conn.

MATURE woman for governess or mother's helper for girls two and eight—want French, primary instruction, knowledge of physical care. State age, nationality. Best references. 6,264, Outlook.

WANTED—Experienced nurse for three children, Plainfield, New Jersey. Permanent position. One year or more reference required. State qualifications. 6,263, Outlook.

Teachers and Governesses

GOVERNESSES, matrons, mothers' helpers, cafeteria managers, dietitians. Miss Richards, 537 Howard Building, Providence. Boston, 16 Jackson Hall, Trinity Court, Thursdays, 11 to 1.

WANTED—Competent teachers for public and private schools and colleges. Send for bulletin. Albany Teachers' Agency, Albany, N.Y.

WANTED — Two experienced teachers. Latin-English and mathematics. High school grade. $700 and board. Southern school. High altitude. 6,233, Outlook.

SITUATIONS WANTED

Business Situations

UNIVERSITY woman, special experience, desires position as secretary, assistant editor, assistant manager. 6,225, Outlook.

BUSINESS manager and matron by refined, capable, experienced couple in middle life. Children's home or boys' college preferred. Now employed prominent institution. Go anywhere. Address 6,262, Outlook.

Companions and Domestic Helpers

GENTLEWOMAN.—Homemaker open for position; economical, motherly, companionable. 1811 Marvine St., Philadelphia, Pa.

YOUNG lady of refinement and education desires position as companion to lady in private family. New York or vicinity. 6,259, Outlook.

REFINED woman, capable and willing, desires position as convalescent nurse or companion or housekeeper in private family. 6,256, Outlook.

Teachers and Governesses

VISITING governess seeks position. Kindergartner. 6,248, Outlook.

FRENCH teacher, college graduate, desires position school or family, visiting preferred. English, music, 6,255, Outlook.

MISCELLANEOUS

PATRIOTISM by Lyman Abbott, also 4 verses of America—The Pledge to the Flag—2 verses of The Star-Spangled Banner, all in a little leaflet. Further the cause of Patriotism by distributing in your letters, in pay envelopes, in schools, churches, clubs, and social gatherings. 200 sent prepaid for 30 cents. Arthur M. Morse, Montclair, N. J.

IF you are in the habit of buying The Outlook at a news-stand, it will be to your advantage to place a standing order with your newsdealer. The War Industries Board has requested publishers to discontinue the acceptance of unsold copies from newsdealers, and in conformity with that request The Outlook is now non-returnable. To prevent loss, therefore, newsdealers must limit their orders to actual sales. Buyers at news-stands may co-operate and avoid disappointment by giving their dealer a standing order for the weekly delivery of The Outlook

THE OUTLOOK COMPANY

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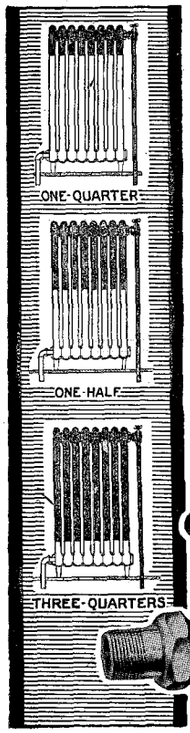
Use Just the Steam You Need—



No More—

No Less—

Control each radiator individually and positively. If you want ¼ or ½ radiation, turn the ADSCO Graduated Radiator Valve accordingly and use *that* amount of steam —not "All On" or "All Off."

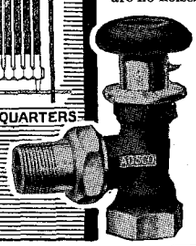
ADSCO HEATING

Atmospheric System

Steam or Vapor with the ADSCO Graduated Radiator Valve and the ADSCO Regulator

Is the most economical, as well as the simplest system of steam heating for individual homes or industrial housing; for office or public buildings, either single or in groups.

With the ADSCO System there are no noises, no air bound radiators, no "water hammer," no leaky valves, no disagreeable odors.



SAVES FUEL

—Saves from 20 to 30%. Also big saving on pipes, fittings, and labor. Having an economical system saves coal.

Write for Bulletin 133-O

It explains the ADSCO System for every type of building. Bulletin 147 tells how a hot water system can be changed over to a better controlled ADSCO System. If you are interested in heating a group of buildings, ask for our bulletin on "Central Station Heating."

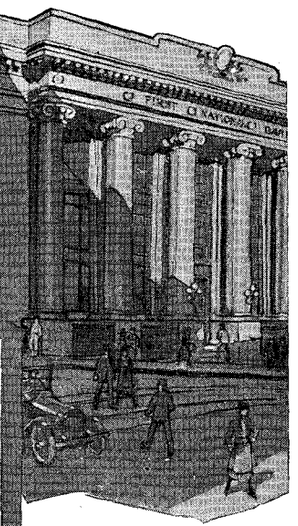
ADSCO Graduated Radiator VALVE

AMERICAN DISTRICT STEAM COMPANY

General Office and Works: N. Tonawanda, N. Y.

Branches: New York Chicago Seattle

One Bank in every four uses Art Metal



BELOW are just a few of the many thousands of perfectly appointed banks which are users of Art Metal Steel equipment in olive green or natural-wood finishes:

National City Bank
Corn Exchange Bank
Irving National Bank
National Bank of Commerce
Mellon National Bank
American Security & Trust Co.
Philadelphia National Bank
New England Trust Co.

ART METAL CONSTRUCTION CO.
JAMESTOWN, - - NEW YORK
Originators of Steel Equipment *Founded 1887*

this advertisement is number 14 of a series

Art Metal

Steel Office Furniture, Safes and Files

BY THE WAY

In the days when German professors were welcome in American college towns a distinguished Herr Doktor was lecturing in a New England college. He noted the system of lodging students here, and said to an American friend, "I see that you lodge your students in dormitories. In Germany our students *dissipate themselves all over the town!*" The learned doctor of course used the word "dissipate" in a way that will stand a dictionary test, but its connotation to American ears is unfortunate.

"Our new maid," says the humorist of the "Scottish American," "stood in dismay before the statue of the Venus de Milo. Twisting the dust-rag in her hands, she said, dolefully, 'Befo' I stahts to work hyar, I jes' wants yo'-all to know I didn't bus' de arms off'n dis little monument! Hit was dataway when I come!'"

Which is the more difficult feat—to climb up the outside of a New York City skyscraper or to climb down? The Human Fly has been thrilling New Yorkers with the first-named act; now comes Dare Devil Steve and says that to climb down is much harder, because you can't see where you're going. He challenges the Human Fly to go up while he himself goes down on any selected building, the loser to pay a forfeit of $10,000 to any war charity the winner may name. Incidentally, it may be mentioned that the Human Fly now makes his feat more spectacular by climbing up a lofty building's outside walls at night, his precarious way being illuminated by searchlight.

Harry Butters, a young man of means who devoted his life to the great cause in France and whose letters have recently been published, wrote to a friend that he was giving up all his accustomed luxuries, but one that he disliked to discard was a fancy brand of soap called "Azurea." Inquiry at department stores in New York City elicited the fact that this is a French soap which till recently was still in the market and which sold for ninety-five cents a cake. Many other fancy French soaps and perfumes formerly sold to fastidious customers can no longer be obtained in this country.

The war has caused deprivation of luxuries in humbler quarters also. It seems that many prize dogs have until recently been fed on fancy food, but now their rations must be cut. One prize dog is reported to have had on his menu two fresh-killed chickens a week; he now has to be content with less expensive delicacies. A city butcher is reported to have had a standing order for two loin chops a day for one canine pet and a pound of calf's liver for another. "They'd turn up their noses at scrap meat," he said. These epicures of the animal world must now be content with ordinary fare, such as in the old days went to the butcher's favored customers for nothing as "meat for the dog."

These interesting biographical comparisons are found in Archibald Henderson's "European Dramatists:" "Like Goethe, like George Eliot, Henrik Ibsen was that rarest of products, an artistic temperament endowed with a scientific brain. Along with Edgar Allan Poe, Ibsen must be ranked as a strange composite of scientific worker and artistic thinker." It will be noted that a woman is included in the above enumeration of the "rarest of products."

The "things our grandmothers did" are so often ridiculed that it is pleasant to read this in the "American Agriculturist" in an article about protection from lightning: "Our grandmothers used to ensconce themselves [as a refuge from lightning] in the midst of a large, thick feather bed—and this was a wise thing to do, for feathers are a non-conductor." The article goes on: "Rubber being a non-conductor, it is well to slip on a pair of overshoes during a storm, so that if the house happens to be struck, the shock cannot prove injurious. It affords the greatest relief for the nerves if the curtains are drawn down and the lights turned on, for then one cannot see the lightning."

Clocks are manufactured which strike "ship bell" time, but probably nothing of this kind has heretofore been attempted on so large a scale as a marine clock which is to be erected on Pier A, New York City. The dials of this timepiece, it is announced, will be six feet in diameter. The striking, which will be of the regulation ship bell kind, will be loud enough, it is said, to be heard

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When Belgium Stemmed the Tide

Four years ago the Belgian Army, war-worn and weak in numbers, confronted the Germans on the Yser. From Liege to the last narrow strip of their country they had resisted the invaders inch by inch, glorious even in retreat.

At the Yser the Belgians performed a signal service to the Allied cause by holding the Germans while the gaps were being closed in the Franco-British lines to the rear.

Four years have passed, and the same nations are still at death grips along the Western front. America, too, is there, and has this opportunity because the Belgians kept the enemy from crossing the Yser long ago.

The same unfaltering courage, the same inspiration for sacrifice in our army abroad and in our citizens at home will give us victory.

The complete mobilization of the whole people is necessary and the telephone service has an increasingly important part in speeding the national effort.

More than 12,000 members of the Bell System are in military service. Those that remain at home must fill the gaps and do their utmost, with the co-operation of the public, to help win the war.

AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

One Policy *One System* *Universal Service*

W.S.S. WAR SAVINGS STAMPS ISSUED BY THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT

This New Range Is A Wonder For Cooking

Although it is less than four feet long it can do every kind of cooking for any ordinary family by gas in warm weather, or by coal or wood when the kitchen needs heating.

The Coal section and the Gas section are just as separate as though you had two ranges in your kitchen.

Gold Medal

Glenwood

Note the two gas ovens above—one for baking, glass paneled and one for broiling, with white enamel door.

The large oven below has the Indicator and is heated by coal or wood.

See the cooking surface when you want to rush things—five burners for gas and four covers for coal.

When in a hurry both coal and gas ovens can be operated at the same time, using one for baking bread or roasting meats and the other for pastry baking—It

"Makes Cooking Easy"

Write for handsome free booklet 164 that tells all about it.

Weir Stove Co., Taunton, Mass.

Makers of the Celebrated Glenwood Coal, Wood and Gas Ranges, Heating Stoves and Furnaces.

This FREE Shoe Book

is crowded with photographs and descriptions of **Ezwear** shoes for Men, Women and Children. Ezwear shoes are **sent postpaid, guaranteed** to combine comfort, style and quality, **to fit** perfectly or **money back. Amazingly low prices.** *Send for your copy today.*

The F.E. Simon Shoe 1588 BROADWAY BROOKLYN, N.Y.

By the Way (Continued)

by all the harbor craft in the vicinity of the Battery, so that they can set their own clocks by this great timepiece.

"Little Women," Miss Alcott's famous story, is to be put on the screen. This novel, it is said, has been translated into almost every language of the world. As a play it had a phenomenal success. The pictures of the movie adaptation will show scenes in and about the home of Miss Alcott at Concord, Massachusetts.

Here are a few amusing examples of faulty construction recently noted: From a California newspaper's local items: "Mrs. McMullein is visiting all her old friends here this summer, instead of teaching in Nevada which she don't like." (Is it Nevada or teaching which she "don't" like?) From an advertisement: "Trained baby's nurse wanted." (Is the baby trained or the nurse?) From Baedeker's Guide to Great Britain: "On the way we pass Kingsgate, so named because Charles II and the Duke of York landed here in 1683, with a modern castle." (Some movers, the King and the Duke!)

Another example of ambiguous construction is quoted from a Pacific coast newspaper:

> Among the Civil War nurses attending the G. A. R. encampment is Mrs. A—— B——, 72 years of age, from Sacramento. Mrs. B—— claims to be the only battlefield nurse now living. She went on many battlefields in search of her brother, who was a soldier. . . . She was herself wounded in the battle of Prairie Grove, Ark., *in the southwest division*, and still carries (in the back of her neck) the scar.

"The publication of 'Puck' ceases with the September number." Thus passes a humorous periodical which at one time occupied the foremost position in its class in this country. In its early days it devoted much space to political cartoons; its most famous "hit" was probably a series called "The Tattooed Man," caricaturing James G. Blaine during the Presidential campaign of 1884. These cartoons were supposed to have had an influence in deciding the election. Another influence, it will be remembered, gave a new word to current political slang—to "burchard" a candidate, the allusion being to an unfortunate phrase used by a prominent clergyman who maladroitly advocated Mr. Blaine's cause. His remark, that the Democratic party stood for "Rum, Romanism, and Rebellion," was thought to be responsible for the defection of enough of Mr. Blaine's admirers to cause his defeat.

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